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The Week

THE latest appeal by President Diaz of Nicaragua to the American people is a curious document. In it he admits openly that his administration is under the tutelage of the United States, defends the dollar diplomacy of the past, and mourns that the New York bankers do not at the present time regard Nicaragua as a good risk. He reiterates his charge that Mexico is behind Sacasa, and that its purpose is to spread "Bolshevism," and regards this assertion as ample justification for intervention by the United States on behalf of the Conservatives. We do not know whether Mexico is aiding Sacasa or not. We do know that the Calles government has formally denied doing so and that the Mexico City representative of Sacasa has denied it. We know moreover that the record of Diaz is one which does not strengthen his credibility as a witness. But if he were correct, why does it follow that the United States ought to intervene? What reason have we to seek an opportunity to go to war with Mexico in Nicaragua? If we regard Mexican participation in Central American affairs as improper, then the correct course for us is to mind our own business and thus set the Mexicans a good example. The only theory on which any other action is justifiable is one of frank imperialism, which admits that, for military and mercenary reasons, we propose to dominate Central America and will tolerate no threat to our control. The events of the past fortnight prove, in our judgment, that the people of the United States are not ready to support such a position. President Coolidge knows this; and there is good reason to believe that he regrets, and would like to be well out of, the predicament into which Secretary Kellogg forced him.

THE world-shattering date of January 1 has passed, and peace still reigns between the United States and Mexico. While the American oil companies did not for the most part acknowledge the validity of the new oil law and seek fifty-year leases under it, nearly all the Mexican owners of lands leased to foreigners made such application, which amounts to the same thing from the government's point of view. Mexico has as yet undertaken no overt act against American or other oil interests, and it seems likely that the course repeatedly urged by the Calles government will be followed: namely, to wait until some specific occasion of an alleged injustice arises, and then seek relief in the Mexican courts. Both sides are now talking in conciliatory terms, and there is excellent reason to believe that a satisfactory compromise may be worked out. The development shows the folly of the jingoes who, a few weeks ago, were demanding that Mexico be brought to heel under threat of force. If their advice had been taken, we should now, in all probability, be engaged in a useless, senseless conflict which would have set back the progress of Mexico at least a decade, and would certainly have made the position of the foreign investors there ten times worse than it is.

SECRETARY KELLOGG has now replied to the LaGuardia resolution in regard to the episode in-

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volving Assistant Secretary of State R. E. Olds, Mr. Kellogg's former law partner, and the representatives of the press associations. The LaGuardia resolution had five paragraphs. The first two asked whether, on or about Nov. 16, "the State Department or any of its officers sought to use the various news agencies to put out information or conclusions in regard to Mexico without assuming official responsibility therefor." The third and fourth asked whether "the Department had accurate information concerning Bolshevist activities in Mexico and regarding Mexico's attitude toward Nicaragua and Mexican activities in Central America detrimental to the United States." The fifth paragraph asked, if such information were given out by the Department, the name of the official who furnished it. To the first two paragraphs Secretary Kellogg answers with the single word "No." To the third and fourth he replies in the hoary language of diplomacy that he does not "deem it compatible with the public interest for me at this time to discuss the subjects there referred to." The fifth paragraph, he observes, needs no answer in view of his reply to the first two.

A SERIOUS issue of veracity is thus raised between Secretary Kellogg and a group of newspaper correspondents. The story of the Olds interview was first published by Paul Y. Anderson, Washington representative of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, one of the ablest, most fearless and most reliable newspapermen of the present generation. It has never been denied either in whole or in part by Mr. Olds. The heads of the Washington bureaus of the three press associations—the Associated Press, United Press and International News Service—Messrs. L. C. Probert, Carl D. Groat and George R. Holmes, were interviewed on the subject by the Editor and Publisher magazine. Not one of them repudiated the Anderson story of the conversation with Olds. Groat and Holmes stated that the United Press and International News Service had not carried the story in the form requested but had confined their reports to matters of fact. Probert said, "We got the story in the usual course of news and we had no reason to doubt its accuracy." The position of Washington bureau head for a press service is one of the most important posts in American journalism; no man is given such a position unless his reputation for ability and integrity is of the highest. What has happened, therefore, is that Secretary Kellogg has inferentially called four of the leading American journalists collectively and individually liars. Does he think that by so doing he has put an end to the incident? With regard to his refusal to furnish information on the alleged Bolshevist activities, we hope Mr. LaGuardia will reply that the public interest urgently demands the release of such information if it exists, that Mr. Kellogg is not the final judge of the matter, and that his answer is a gross impertinence to Congress.

THE British proposal for a new policy in China is meeting the gravest difficulties. France refuses to comply, on the alleged grounds that it comes at the wrong moment, since there is now no national Chinese government; that it is intended only to safeguard the vast British commercial interests, and that it is "foolish." It is safe to assume that France will come around eventually, and is refusing now in order to strengthen her bargaining position, hoping to get from Great Britain a suitable quid pro quo in Western European affairs. But Japan also refuses to accept the British attitude, on the ground that Great Britain has declined to help validate the Nishihara loans, and that the proposed policy would strengthen the Cantonese government. South China is opposed to Japanese interests, which are bound up with those of Chang Tso-lin. The Cantonese, on the other hand, attack the British memorandum for precisely the opposite reason. They profess to believe that the increase in taxes which is proposed would go to enrich the coffers of the war lords whom they are fighting. And, anyhow, they are not satisfied with a mere increase in taxes and the prospect of recognition some time in the future if they conquer the North. They want complete autonomy in taxes and tariffs, complete control of courts and all other institutions, complete abrogation of all unilateral treaties.

SOVIET Russia is said to be engaged in egging on the Cantonese against the British proposal; and it would be only natural if this were true, since the Russians view with apprehension any possible rapprochement between Canton and Great Britain. Meanwhile, the United States, which had every reason to take the initiative in creating a new policy toward China, continues to vacillate. If, years ago, we had taken the stand the British have now proposed, the course of history might have been very different. As things are, it is probably too late for any sort of compromise to be effective. If the Cantonese see that by their victorious armies they have been enabled to force the present degree of conciliation from the British, why should they not reason that further successes will result in redressing other injustices, which are just as serious? In fact, why should they stop until they have kicked out of China every foreigner who enjoys special privileges won in the past at the point of the bayonet? Have the powers ever given evidence of understanding any language save that of force?

FROM an engineering and economic point of view the Hoover Commission's choice of the proposed St. Lawrence deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the sea is so much preferable to the "all-American route" via Lake Ontario and the Hudson River, or the almost identical Welland Canal route, which runs for a short distance through Canada, that there can scarcely be an argument about the matter. The purpose of the waterway is to give an export outlet

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to ocean-going vessels from the lake ports. Wheat-growers especially are suffering from the lack of such an outlet; they have been greatly handicapped in the foreign markets since the War by high and increasing costs. One of their chief competitive disadvantages as against other wheat exporting nations has been the necessity of paying increased rail transportation to the seaboard. The St. Lawrence water route brings the lake ports 625 miles nearer to northern European points than either of the others proposed. It would cost $350,000,000 less. The cost would be further reduced by hydro-electric power income which would in a sense be a by-product of construction of the waterway. The power is sure to be developed in any case. These facts seem to be conclusive.

THERE will, however, be no lack of arguments against the St. Lawrence waterway. One is that it lies partly in the territory of, and would be partly controlled by, a foreign power. In practice this could make no difference whatever except in time of war with Canada. In so far as the argument is not sentimental, therefore, it rests upon a possibility which threatens such disaster that inability to use the canal would be a gnat-bite in comparison and which is therefore certain to be avoided. Another argument is that it may divert some export business from the Port of New York. Would that this result could be achieved! New York sadly needs a little deflation of its traffic. The Commission, however, reports that it could divert not more than 12 percent of the ocean shipments affected, and that this amount would be recovered by normal growth, even before completion of the project. A third argument is that the route is longer from the lake ports to New York than the All-American. But it is not designed to facilitate traffic between the Lakes and New York, but between the Lakes and Europe, to which it is a shorter route.

A RUMOR, via the Westminster Gazette of London, that numerous American automobile manufacturers are being organized in a new merger comparable with General Motors, is highly credible. As the domestic market approaches saturation, competition grows keener. A number of firms did not do so well in 1926 as in 1925, and all are looking forward to a somewhat reduced total production in 1927. In union there is strength—especially financial strength in a declining market. The principal opportunity for immediate expansion of automobile sales appears to be in Europe, and the report states that the merger expects to make a special bid for the trade by light cars of European type at a low price. It would, of course, be modeled on the General Motors plan of "a car for every purse and purpose," and would aim to be a vertical combination as well. According to the news despatch, the companies to be included are Locomobile, Flint, Star, Dodge, Studebaker, Stutz, Peerless, Graham Brothers, Continental Motors, Hayes Hunt Body, Adams Axle, and Spicer Company. The essential banker would be Dillon, Read and Company.

INCIDENTALLY, though economists' predictions of the motor-car "saturation point" have been repeatedly laughed to scorn by the booster type of business man, President Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. of the General Motors Company now admits that it has been nearly reached—and at the predicted level, there being now slightly less than 20,000,000 cars in operation in this country. In a letter Mr. Sloan has written, "The motor car industry must look for its future growth to replacement of existing cars as they wear out or become obsolete; more intensive selling of cars to those who now own cars and to constantly expanding international markets." There is no mention here of sales to Americans who have not already bought cars. If we take the average life of a car at eight years, as it has recently been estimated, American replacement would require an annual production of two and a half million, against the four and a half million which have been produced in 1926 and the five million or more capacity. Woe to the passenger car manufacturer who does not get the international trade! Unless, of course, wages and farm incomes should rise.

WE print under correspondence a letter from Miss Hollace Ramsdell in regard to the Passaic strikers arested in connection with the alleged bomb outrages of September 20. Particularly desperate is the case of Paul Kovac, who on his arrest was so badly beaten up by the police that he has been ill ever since and has become temporarily insane. It may be noted that the bombing looks like the work of the agent provocateur, and that there is practically no evidence to connect any of the men arrested with the explosion. However this may be, the behavior of the police in beating Kovac and the rest is an occurrence which on its face convicts government itself of criminal behavior. The fact that in so maltreating prisoners the police of Passaic merely followed the common practice of police everywhere when dealing with the poor makes all of us who acquiesce in such methods in a sense responsible. There is just one thing to do immediately to make some reparation for the crime already committed against Kovac, and to save "law and order" in this country from the further disgrace of his murder. That is to obtain his release on bail by lending Liberty bonds to the Joint Committee.

IN the editorial, The Supreme Court Boosts Public Ownership, page 181, of our issue for January 5, the third sentence from the end of the first paragraph in the second column should have read " . . . while it rejected a valuation of the Bluefield Company which, as far as appears in the report, gave exactly the same weight to it."

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The President's New Year Card

AS a New Year's greeting from their President, Americans opening their newspapers on January 1 found an admonition from the official spokesman not to oppose the administration in its conduct of foreign affairs. To do so might create the impression that opinion in this country is divided on such matters. Americans abroad sometimes embarrass the Department of State by disagreeing with it. And newspapers hamper the execution of its policy when they give foreign nations ground for believing that resistance to this government's demands may be successful through the force of public opinion in this country.

The moral is obvious. If we are all to be good little boys and girls in 1927, Columbia professors and others will not say that they disapprove of the debt collection policy, because to do so might give France the impression that they do disapprove of it and hence strengthen French opposition to the Mellon-Berenger agreement. Such indiscretions make it more difficult to pretend to Europe that we are being generous while pretending to Congress that we are collecting as much as possible. Newspapers and other informed commentators will not say that the landing of Marines in Nicaragua is a means of aiding Diaz to retain his power against the winning arms of the liberals under Sacasa, because that might force the Marines really to be neutral and cause Sacasa to win, much to the discomfiture of Secretary Kellogg. In the dispute with Mexico over the application of the Constitution of 1917 to foreign-owned land and oil wells, no hint must be dropped that anyone in this country does not back the oil magnates to the limit, lest Mexico should gain courage in the attempt to enforce its fundamental law. Nor should our policy in China be questioned, lest the Chinese be led to strengthen their demands for national independence.

Let no one underestimate the force of this complaint, or the annoyance which prompts it. To one thinking of our tradition of freedom of the press, of our childish delusion that public opinion does and should control the actions of the officials the citizens elect, such a pronouncement may appear to be an unwarranted impertinence. An appeal for support in a given situation, backed by a disclosure of facts and a marshaling of argument, would be legitimate and would invite a sympathetic response. But an appeal for an appearance of unity in whatever the government may in its infinite wisdom choose to undertake sounds harsh to the ear of one who is more fully conscious of democratic ideals than of the travail of the statesman. In order to be fair to him we must understand his state of mind.

The man in the foreign office is specially bred and trained. He must in most cases be a person of some inherited means. From his youth up he has associated with the best people; he is a product of the more exclusive schools, and an embodiment of a special point of view. In his public life he has acquired an intimate knowledge of private archives; he is interviewed by many men of large interest having objectives in various parts of the world. He is invited to exclusive dinner tables where he absorbs the latest gossip of that intricate and social game of chess known as international affairs. Army and navy strategists, looking years ahead to the time when we may be engaged in some hypothetical conflict with a powerful foe, have his ear. From secret agents he receives reports of the activities and intentions—or supposed activities and intentions—of foreign governments. He becomes an expert in this maze of complications. Out of his office emerge moves and policies whose inner significance does not appear to the non-initiate. The execution of his designs requires all the polite arts of indirection, bluff, delicate concealment, discreet use of force or threat of force at the right moment. Suddenly, when affairs become critical, he finds his action opposed by laymen who do not know what he is up to or why. To explain to them would spoil the whole show. What he needs is their support, not their criticism. As the guardian of what he has come to regard as the national interest, as the expert in a delicate and difficult game, he is annoyed and appeals for silence. He despises the comments of the spectators. This is no occupation for democracy.

If such men really were infallible in their assessment of the true national interest, and if the results of their play were always happy, there would be some validity in their appeals for unquestioning support. But somehow in the nature of things there appears to be an ever-present danger that the expert who cannot command at least a measure of intelligent lay confidence and cannot conduct his affairs in the light is likely to be an untrustworthy leader. Doubtless Mr. Coolidge has forgotten it, but some realization of this danger arose from the events centring about August, 1914. Something has been said in the past ten or twelve years about the undesirability of secret diplomacy. Numerous people became very angry with Germany because she seemed to them to embody the principle of blind support of the state in international affairs. More recent study has unearthed part of the complex set of facts which implicates Allied statesmen in the unfortunate results both of the War and the peace. The United States has revolted from the dangerous and delusive diplomatic struggle for national dominance which our citizens have naïvely regarded as exclusively European.

The American people may, if it wishes, assent to the theory of the infallible expert in foreign policy. If it does not do so, it must be prepared to admit that it may spoil the diplomatic game. But the New Republic numbers itself among those who believe that this game ought to be spoiled. It confesses to a complete distrust in the salutary character of any

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international objective which cannot be justified on the basis of a frank explanation of the facts and of the ends in view. The danger of drifting into intrigue is an accompaniment of the existence of a professional staff dealing with foreign affairs. It can be checked only by a pervading consciousness on the part of those in authority that their acts must be made to square with an informed national opinion. To ask for uncritical support is to display a symptom that the deadly disease of professional diplomacy is at work. Mr. Coolidge has done us the service of giving notice that our present foreign policies ought to be subjected to a thorough airing.

An Apology for Fascism

IF he were seeking a forerunner in Italian history for Mussolini, the ordinary British or American liberal would, like Mr. Robert Dell, probably find him in the condottiere of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. On another page of this issue, Mr. Horace M. Kallen, who would probably submit without protest to being called a liberal, gives a much more sympathetic account of the Italian dictator and of his party. In his opinion the spirit of Fascismo is continuous with the spirit of Mazzini's Young Italy and of Garibaldi's army. Mussolini is carrying on the work which the heroes of the Risorgimento began. He has revived in the Italian people the kind of ardent and self-sacrificing patriotism which two generations ago was aroused by the struggle for Italian unity and freedom. He has induced them once again to labor and to suffer for national unity and self-respect. They project a glorious future for the Italian nation to which the present generation shall essentially contribute. This revival of national aspiration and consciousness has enabled him to accomplish substantial administrative, educational and economic reforms. Fascism is entitled, in Mr. Kallen's opinion, to a suspended judgment until the event decides whether it is the exploitation of men by a special interest or a fruitful endeavor after the good life. The liberals who prejudge the event do not take sufficient account of the peculiar history, needs and psychology of the Italian people.

There is something to be said in favor of Mr. Kallen's warning. The easiest, the most frequent, yet the most dangerous mistake which political critics commit in passing judgments upon the political behavior of another nation is the application to it of standards and values similar to those which they apply to their own domestic politics. The parliamentary régime which prevailed in United Italy from 1871 to 1921 resulted in popular lassitude, in administrative inefficiency and in sectional, religious and class dissension. In the eyes of Italian non-political opinion the government of their united country seemed to be hopelessly shabby and second-rate. Whatever the dangers of Fascism, it has at any rate substituted movement for stagnation, purposive behavior for drifting and visions of great future for collective pettiness and discouragement. No doubt the dangers are serious. The Italians do not know what they are moving towards. Before they are through with Fascism, they will probably pay dearly for the sacrifice of liberty with which they have purchased their national revival. But struggles of this kind are one of the penalties which are involved by the endeavor of a politically inexperienced people to govern themselves. The French have during their long period of political experimentation since the revolution of '89 at times sacrificed order and authority to liberty, and at other times liberty to order and authority; and they have suffered much in their efforts to set up a form of government which was both an expression of the popular will and of the continuous tendencies and functions in their national life. The Italian people are apparently destined during the next generation to pass through a similar ordeal. The great majority of Frenchmen consider that their present political estate, as compared to that of the monarchy or the two empires, is worth what it cost. We hope that the Italians fifty years from now will feel the same way. At any rate the Italian of today, when he recalls the humiliating irresponsibility of parliamentary government, as he knew it, welcomes the stresses and the dangers of his present adventure in national reconstruction.

Alien critics should beware of outlawing a political experiment which arouses in a whole nation an increased moral energy and dignifies its activities by subordinating them to a deeply felt common purpose. Politics is still much more of an art than a science, and the political theorist has no license to dictate confidently to statesmen and nations how they ought to behave. The Europe of today is profoundly unstable. The War and the peace treaties destroyed the extra-national or imperial basis of political order and authority which the mid-European statesmen of the nineteenth century had inherited from the past and which subsequently they merely modified to meet the subversive forces of industrialism and nationalism. The architects of the Versailles Treaty wrought the national principle into the fabric of European public law, but while they affirmed this principle for the benefit of the victors of the War, they violated it frequently at the expense of the vanquished. Nationalism, in its existing expression, is an uneasy, ambiguous and explosive political ferment rather than a lucid and manageable basis of political authority. Probably in the end aggressive nations will agree to apply a curb as well as a spur to their bursts of political energy, but at present both when it is affirmed and denied nationalism makes for unrest.

Not a nation in Europe today seems to its own conscience as secure and self-possessed as all the greater European powers looked to themselves during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The

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new succession states are born of the national idea, but all of them in arranging their boundaries with neighboring states ignored the moral sanction of their own future political security. The Polish people with no experience of self-government and although situated in an exposed position, insist on governing millions of rebellious Germans and Russians. The Rumanians have followed suit. Their external insecurity is reflected in possibly revolutionary factional conflicts. The Czechoslovak Republic is more self-possessed and stable, but the future of this North Slav nation depends upon friendly relations with the German-speaking peoples who almost surround it, and with whom it has not as yet tried to reach a mutually satisfactory agreement. The South Slavs will not have to assimilate as many alien nationals as the other succession states, but the bond between the Croats and the Serbs cannot apparently be stretched without breaking. The German Republic is a perilously artificial product which will be profoundly modified just as soon as the Germans recover their independence. The Russian people is trying an experiment in class dictatorship which combines a revolutionary social purpose with a continuation of the Tsarist administrative despotism. The Soviet Republic seems secure at present from internal and external assault, but inasmuch as it can only fish in troubled waters, it can hardly expect plain sailing. It remains to be seen whether it can survive as the embodiment of state sovereignty in Russia and as its enemy abroad. France is gradually throwing off the moral and economic inflation from which she is suffering as a consequence of "la victoire intégrale," but no one can tell how the French peasant and ouvrier will regard the French Republic after the bill is fully paid. The British people are faced by an economic problem which cannot be appeased without the acceptance by the ruling capitalist class of large sacrifices of money and power, and there is no sufficient evidence as yet that they will voluntarily consent.

No statesman or publicist knows with any certitude what ought to be done in these extremely diverse cases to give to the several governments a fair chance of dealing with their problems in an orderly way. The different peoples will have to pursue their different routes to some common goal of comparative political equilibrium. They may arrive if they are not interfered with from without and do not themselves either undertake or provoke interference. The Italian nation is among others fully entitled to select its own route and not to be judged harshly and unsympathetically if its route differs radically from those of its fellows in trouble. The Fascist route has its significant and even its promising aspects as compared to the routes which are being taken by Poland and Rumania, Russia, France, Germany or the United Kingdom. Fascismo has posed the question whether a party, consisting of young nationalist enthusiasts who idealize the state and welcome dictatorial leadership, can by a sustained flourish of patriotic force regenerate the politics of a country and equip its government to rise superior to grave economic, social and political difficulties. The question will be answered by an event which will almost certainly include the shedding of much blood and many tears, but it may be better for the Italian people to venture upon a costly and tragic experiment which arouses their passionate coöperation than to remain satisfied with the cheap corruption and stagnation of their former parliamentary politics.

Yet although Fascism deserves to be dispassionately watched by outsiders rather than precipitately condemned, the outside watcher does not, because he consents to regard Fascism as a significant experiment, necessarily deny himself the satisfaction of guessing what the outcome of the experiment will be. The most peculiar aspect of Fascism is the discrepancy between the grandeur of the vision and the intensity of the enthusiasm which it had kindled in the Italian people and the doubtful quality of its inherent moral and physical energy. According to the official theory, the Fascist state is an Italian incarnation of the kind of state worship which was known during the War as Prussianism. It is based on the idealization and the aggrandizement of centralized political authority. But the two embodiments of the theory differ radically. The Prussianism of the German Empire could dispose of the most powerful military instrument in Europe since that of Napoleon I, of an imposing apparatus of expert specialist services and of a self-confidence which was born of a long career of success. The Italy of Mussolini is politically and morally as pretentious as the Germany of the Kaiser. But the Italian pretensions are nine-tenths moonshine. They have no technical justification. The Italian army has not been distinguished during the last fifty years by its ability to win victories, and it cannot be considered a source of danger to the independence of Italy's neighbors. The Italian bureaucracy is not remarkable for its expert competence. The making of modern Italy is a dramatic and a moving story, perhaps the most interesting and romantic political story of the nineteenth century, but it is not the story of a possible political Leviathan. The Germans achieved national unity by their own diplomatic and military efforts. The Italians were assisted by skilful diplomacy, but they succeeded only by virtue of British, French and German help. From a realistic point of view, consequently, Fascismo is not likely to create an Italian state which will vindicate the claim of its propagandists that it possesses sufficient right and power to override opposition at home and abroad.

This discrepancy provides the clue which should be followed in watching the future of Fascism. Mussolini has staged an Italian national revival which may have been necessary to give reality to the craving of the Italian people to become an af-

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firmative self-governing unit, but the revival is a tour de force which can scarcely hold or justify for long its own magnificent attitude. The Fascist state is not an expression of mature and self-sufficient moral and physical power. It is a sincere, a virile and a somewhat pathetic attempt to compensate for the absence of such power. It is an attempt to overcome infirmity and instability by a gesture which bespeaks authority, mastery and self-control. The Italian people like to believe in the gesture. They are carried along by the momentum of the melodrama and its success. Mussolini is himself a man of rare political aptitude. Under his leadership the Italians are being deluded into trying an experiment in violent and headstrong collective self-assertion which is likely in the end to increase their equipment for self-government. The experiment can hardly fail to end in a bloody reaction and in a period in which self-pity is substituted for self-assertion, but the effort and the failure may between them help the Italian people to take their political life seriously and to find a way of retaining some of the political and social benefits of their period of national self-confidence.

A dictatorship by a faction under the leadership of one man will doubtless look to many of our readers like anything but an experiment in self-government, but sceptics should remember that the effort of a community to govern itself may assume many forms. The modern Italian struggle to found a national state differed essentially from that of its neighbors. The Italians had never created, not even during the Middle Ages, a national kingdom. The Papacy had prevented that. They remained intensely local and particularist in their social and political outlook. The psychological obstacles to national unification were more formidable than they were in the case of any other of the larger European peoples. By virtue of outside help they founded their state before they had supported it with a sufficiency of national feeling. In order to qualify themselves for self-government, they needed to realize emotionally their national unity and reinforce it with patriotic pride, and it is this effort which they are now making. The effort finds expression in ways with which it is not easy for an Englishman or an American to sympathize. It reveals its meaning most clearly in the symbols it flourishes and the precedents on which it lives. These symbols and precedents are all derived from the last occasion on which the Italian people were united in spirit and were free from foreign domination—an occasion as long ago as the time of the Roman Empire. It is absurd to think of the Fascist state as a revival of the Imperial Rome, but it is not absurd for Fascism to try to confer on the Italian people a consciousness of community which they have not enjoyed for so many weary centuries. Apparently the only way for the Italians to cultivate the sense of unity and common responsibility which is indispensable to self-government is to allow the Fascist doctor to vaccinate them with a powerful patriotic virus. It is a method which has its disadvantages, but it is not either as unprecedented, as violent, as meaningless or as unpromising as its enemies allege. The result will never be understood if the process is regarded with an utter lack of sympathy.

The Lesson of the Cotton Surplus

WITH cotton selling at twelve cents, the principal cash crop of the southern states is largely unprofitable and as a result their purchasing power is reduced and national prosperity is threatened. Emergency use of credit, which will enable holding part of the crop off the market, has been applied to avoid disaster. The theory is that this measure will help to check the drop of prices now, and that next year the cotton planters, discouraged by their experience, will plant less, so that the holdover can be marketed without unduly depressing the price.

This expedient may be successful. But no one who has studied the question believes it will serve more than the emergency. Cotton production shows an increasing trend over a long period in spite of boll weevil and bad years; surpluses and low prices are periodic. Planters who reduce their acreages as a result of low prices increase them again the moment a smaller crop brings a rebound. Low price, crop reduction, high price, crop expansion, is a vicious circle which in the end benefits nobody much. And those who vary their policy make less out of cotton in the long run than those who stick to the same planting program year after year, for the former come in only on the years of surplus crops. What is needed is a long-time program, steadily applied, which will more closely adjust the supply to the demand and lessen the risk of uncontrollable misfortunes.

In addition, the southeastern states have a special necessity of their own to get away from chief reliance on cotton. West of the Mississippi the relatively new cotton areas can grow a longer staple; they can grow all cotton more efficiently. On account of climatic conditions the boll weevil is less damaging there. This pest can be successfully fought in the East, but only at the cost of more money and intelligence than is generally available. The East, therefore, must, if it sticks to cotton as a main source of income, wage a losing battle of competition with the West, just as the coastal regions did years ago in trying to keep on with rice when the West, with the different methods applicable there, began to grow it more cheaply.

The more intelligent southern students of agriculture realize that fundamental reorganization is necessary, and that if the cotton surplus leads in that direction it may be a blessing in disguise. What

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can be done, and how? There has been no lack of advice on the subject. Diversification of crops has been preached in season and out by agricultural experts of every kind and degree. In addition to broadening the variety of cash crops, it is obviously desirable that the small farmer or tenant should more frequently have cows, hogs, hens and vegetables, so that he may be more fully self-sustaining. Yet experience proves that diversification is easier to preach than to practice.

Most of the cotton is raised on large plantations. The owner has, more frequently than not, moved in to town, and no longer supervises his estates. Large areas of land have passed into the hands of mortgage holders, who never lived on them. The work is done by tenants, mostly Negroes, supervised by an inadequate number of salaried white men. The first obstacle to diversification is the character of the labor, bred to cotton growing for generations, knowing little else, and conservative in their agricultural habit. Plantation Negroes can grow other crops under proper instruction and adequate supervision, but the supervision is lacking. Few capable white men want to dwell isolated in the country, amidst the squalor of the agricultural slums where abject poverty is perhaps more prevalent than in any other part of the United States and the chief feature of the landscape is the tumbledown, unpainted cabin. And if superintendents are difficult to hold under such circumstances, white tenants or laborers of any skill or ambition from other parts of the country cannot be had at all.

Another obstacle is the credit system. At the beginning of the season the tenant must as a rule secure credit for his work animals or implements, and credit at the store for his food supplies. The landlord must often have credit for the fertilizer and other necessities which he furnishes. Those who extend this credit naturally do so on the basis of a cash crop, and cotton is the prevailing cash crop. The whole agricultural credit system of the South is built on loans with growing cotton as collateral. It is difficult to borrow the resources to raise anything else.

The margin is too narrow to permit general diversification. But when in certain cases and regions this hurdle is jumped, as it occasionally can be, other difficulties arise. Without sufficient experience or skill, the farmer takes up a form of agriculture which is new to him. He is likely to fail with it. But when he does succeed in bringing his new product to fruition, he finds the market for it unorganized. As an individual he can do little or nothing to sell profitably what he has produced. If the farmers of a given region have, responding to advice, turned to a given crop in large numbers, they are likely to discover before long that they have flooded the immediately available market and have lost their investment, while those who stuck to the traditional crops have been the only ones to profit from the courage and enterprise of the pioneers. Study of markets and the creation of selling organizations must go hand in hand with diversification.

To a certain extent southern farmers or landowners have succeeded in spite of all difficulties in establishing permanently other crops than cotton. Peaches, pecans, garden truck, watermelons, sweet potatoes, peanuts and other products are grown in great quantities. But this diversification is more regional than individual. The prevailing farm acreages are still large. There is likely to be too little variety on the individual farm, or even in the individual region, and hence the grower is not insured against an unfavorable year for his chief crop, or against an oversupply of the new product which may in the end be just as damaging as an oversupply of cotton. Pecan orchards, for instance, have been highly profitable to many, but pecan trees live and bear almost indefinitely, and as more and more producers follow the example of the successful, their profit margins shrink. Market gardeners, each with too large an acreage, specializing in a few products, carry a heavy risk. There is still too much done by tenants and hired labor on large estates, still too little intensive cultivation by owners with well diversified small farms.

To remedy the situation requires more than emergency credit measures, more than good advice, more than McNary-Haugen bills. It requires the building of a new system of agriculture from the bottom up. Such a process must necessarily be slow, but it is far better worth while to seek and make a beginning at it than to overemphasize the efficacy of temporary stimulants. Detailed discussion of what this beginning would be must be postponed to another time. But, in general, it is clear that the South needs:

> Communities of small farms, worked by their owners.
>
> Skilled farmers, who can individually as well as collectively practice diversification.
>
> The organization of credit and of market outlets which such communities could hammer out where individuals would fail.

A few such communities, which would furnish practical examples and would break through the old folk-ways for others, might in the end enable the South to practice what has so long been preached.

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Fascism: for the Italians

AT a distance of three thousand miles, and through the perspectives of a press limited in its reports by propaganda or by censorship, Fascismo and its Duce are not phenomena to inspirit the liberal mind or to make it hopeful of the future of Italy. Bondage of body and spirit reeks too strongly; there are marks of tyranny, of rapine and sudden death; of paranoid magniloquence that knows no decent restraint of speech and no effective technique of realization. Fascismo seems, at that distance, the synthesis of all that the liberal spirit condemns and rejects.

Yet, after one has lived in Italy awhile, one learns that there can be an intolerance of liberalism also. With the things that liberalism rejects go, as their obverse, things that liberalism recognizes as requisite to the good life of the masses of men. One begins to doubt whether, in a world so mixed as this, there ever can exist the unmixed goods that liberalism requires, or the unmixed evils it rejects.

For on the intimate testimony of many people living long in Italy, Italians and foreigners both, Italy has become a better country to live in since, through the accident that the King refused to empower his ministry to disperse the historic "march on Rome," Fascismo replaced "democracy" as the government of the Italian people. The ministry, being constitutional, resigned, and the King called upon Mussolini to form a government. The episode constituted a political revolution, and is leading to a social one. It is a curiously paradoxical revolution, as such events go, unusually bloodless and free from violence; especially free from the interruptions of the customary activities and pursuits of life such as occurred during the French and the Russian revolutions.

This quality is not to be attributed to the notion that Fascismo was financed by big business which naturally wants to get affairs into its own hands. Affairs are not today in the hands of Italian big business. They are in the hands of Mussolini, and big business is doing his bidding, not he, its.

The reason, I think, is to be sought first in the history of modern Italy, then in its economy.

Reading the unrestrained oratory of Il Duce we are likely to forget that modern Italy is little more than half a century old, and that there are thousands of men alive who fought in the army of Garibaldi. On the anniversary of the march on Rome I saw in the Roman streets scores of old men in the red shirts of the Garibaldista, mingling with the hundreds of young men in the black shirts of the Fascista. The Italy which these men in the red shirts established was a comminuted Italy; its territory was divided in large part between foreign conquerors; its native states were set one against the other; there were—there still are—sharp rivalries between the very villages perched on separate hills. To convert this piecemeal, too-localized life into a single political organization, and to animate it with a unity of national feeling and action became the dearest ideal of Italian patriotism. The classic exponent of this ideal was Mazzini, and his break with the socialism of his day on account of it is historical. Italian nationalism provides the thread of feeling on which are strung the separate beads of the Risorgimento. It is the dynamic ground of that sacro egoismo of which the liberal was called to take unpleasant notice during the War. It is what accounts both for the rise to power and the popularity of Mussolini. The King of Italy spoke with perhaps better insight than he was aware of when he referred to the Duce as a combination of Garibaldi and Cavour.

For the ideals of these men, of Mazzini, of Garibaldi, or Cavour, seem to me still far from realization. They are still very much ideals. Italy is still far from being the united Italy, single in spirit, strong in government, rich in achievement that Mazzini foresaw. Fascismo is formulating and executing in the early twentieth century what the prophets of the new Italy sought in the nineteenth. Its acts and utterances are to be best understood in the light not only of what it positively wants and achieves, but in the light, even more, of that against which it is a reaction. How important the latter is, any student of the history of ideals knows. What an ideal rejects colors profoundly whatever it proposes, impels it often to an extremity of negation which is never attained, and is in fact unattainable, in reality.

Although, as a student of the life-cycles of ideals, I was well enough aware of this, it came home to me with insuperable force when I discussed the philosophy of Fascismo with Mussolini. I had read in an American paper that he claimed to be a pragmatist, and I was curious to hear more about it. I didn't, but I heard other things far more illuminating.

The audience took place in his office, with Miss Lillian Gibson of the New York Herald-Tribune and the Marchese Paoluci de Calboli acting as interpreters. In figure Mussolini is not unlike the late Colonel Roosevelt—a powerful, cubical torso, with enormous shoulders, on rather short legs. The face is, of course, familiar from the many pictures; but no picture can render the extreme mobility under the play of feeling; or the recurrent effect as of one of those Japanese devil masks when he would fix you with his dark protruding eyes under hairless eyebrows; or the extreme sensitiveness to the slightest variation in the social climate; or the vivid force and magnetism of the man.

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The discussion about pragmatism was a fizzle. The Duce was clearly far more aware of William James's name than his teachings. "Fascismo was," he declared, "turning the activism of James's philosophy into facts"—which might mean anything. But when I asked what inner experience had converted him from socialism, there was a light. "I gained the conviction," he said, drawing himself up in his chair and beating the desk forcefully and rhythmically with his forefinger, "that there is no such thing as equality in life. We seek to bring out more and more the inequalities."

Fascismo as a philosophy must be seen in the light of socialism. It formulates in the extremest terms possible a doctrine of human differences against the socialist teaching of the sameness of men with one another. It formulates an extreme doctrine of authority against the socialist teaching of democracy. "The state," Mussolini said to me, "must be paramount. The state above, for all, and if necessary, against all." He held Macchiavelli's view of the state as the correct one.

In the minds of the Fascists and their leader, the state is, I think, the concretion of United Italy. Education is largely devoted to impressing Italy as Italy upon the minds of the Italian young. Fascist "Cultura" is an extreme overstatement of Mazzini's national culture. The schools—church and national alike—have been set under a single standard and the standard has been raised. If I guess aright, it is designed that the Church itself be mutantis mutandis, being absorbed into the texture of the state as the trades-unions were, with the difference in treatment that the circumstances and power involved seem to require. The national podesta is replacing the village mayor, and the peasant is being urged by precept and example, including Mussolini's, who ran a tractor for two hours, to use agricultural machinery, and to enrich his way of life. Italy, it must be remembered, is and must remain an agricultural country. She is without resources in coal and iron, and such water power as she can develop is not adequate to maintain great industry. The status of the peasant is the critical test of the achievement of Fascismo, and even in the very short period of Fascist power the beginnings of improvement are noticeable. Mussolini himself does not favor, he told me, city life. Nor, as a realistic statesman, should he. Italian industry is far from standing still. Indeed, it is the industrial changes that are the spectacular ones. Transportation is steadily being improved; and the resources of water power and electricity being made available. The Fascist vision of Italy is kept constantly before the eyes and minds of the Italian people with that exaggeration and overstatement which the consciousness of opposition, the necessities of education and very skilful publicity seem always to require. There is an intellectual as well as an economic vitality: not so much in the arts as in the philosophic and sociologic disciplines. When I remarked upon this fact to Mussolini and called attention to the presence of a similar activity in Russia, he gave grudging assent. I don't think he relished the parallel, but he acknowledged it. Italy, indeed, by contrast with other European countries I have been visiting, does seem alive. I said so to Mussolini, in answer to a question about my impressions, and he exclaimed, "In Italy today everybody is twenty years old, including myself, and I work twenty hours a day!"

Which, in fact, may not be so, but which does express a state of mind whence facts arise. It is a state of tension and eagerness; it holds a touch of febrility. There is an unqualified candor about desires and purposes, such as the makers of the New Russia showed at the beginning. And things *are* doing.

How long, how well, depends on the life of the Duce. Mussolini is today the essence of living Italy. He is a dictator. He holds the portfolio of all the ministries, and determines internal and foreign policies. He is also the head of a somewhat secret political organization with military features. The force of this organization of Fascists is what first lies behind his power as dictator. It is a power of force majeure, still the deadly enemy of all differences, all oppositions, all freedom. On the day that I saw the Duce, the Communist members of the Chamber had been arrested; a couple of days before, at Bologna, another attempt had been made on his life. If Fascism may be said to rule by fear, it also is ruled by fear. Its coercions are a measure of its sense of insecurity. Free speech and the other freedoms are a product of security, and the degree in which they become possible is a gauge of security. What happens about these matters in Italy will prove how firmly the makers of the new Italian dispensation feel it to be established. At present he is himself the dispensation, the voice of the great hunger of the Italian people. For Mussolini has another ground for his power that, it is by no means inconceivable, he may need to call upon against the first ground. This is his popularity. Whatever he may have started with, today he is indubitably the most popular figure in Italy, a hero of the masses, by his courage, his very evident sincerity, his simplicity of the Latin, his arts of the demagogue and the statesman both, and his marvelous energy of speech and action. There is an attitude, in the sixteen-year-old elevator boy at the hotel, in the sixty-year-old prince of the Church, both of whom spoke to me of the attempt on his life at Bologna, that only very warm and very kind feeling for a public leader can evoke. The wise and suave Cardinal who mentioned it said—"He is but one man, and we cannot tell what the future will bring—"

This, of course, is the penalty for dictatorship as a form of government. Institutions cannot go without the dictator. This is why wise dictators strive to render dependence on just one man un-

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necessary. But these reflections are aside from the point. The point is that the spirit of Fascismo is continuous with the spirit of Mazzini's Young Italy and Garibaldi's army. The point is that the compenetration of its grotesquely exaggerated nationalism of idea with the grotesquely comminuted localism of feeling will, in the nature of things, result in a decent national self-respect. The point is that administrative reform, the educational program and economic enterprise all make for a safer, more comfortable and more vital Italy. In these respects the Fascist revolution is not unlike the Communist revolution. Each is the application by force majeure of an ideology to a condition. Each should have the freest opportunity once it has made a start, of demonstrating whether it be an exploitation of men by a special interest or a fruitful endeavor after the good life.

H. M. KALLEN.

The Big News of 1926

TWO days after the Dempsey-Tunney fight the giant electric switchboard, which is the latest thing in telegraphing news and which had hooked the whole world into Philadelphia for an evening, moved on to Somerville, N. J. Its visit there is ended. The Halls and Stevenses are home again. Willie, as all Europe, Africa and Asia know, is back with the fire-fighters. The great electric switchboard is in hiding. It will emerge again, to gobble its twenty thousand words an hour, when the times produce another bang-up story.

This is an era of big stories. It is an era of amazing concentration of effort upon a succession of news events for the sake of reporting, photographing, eye-witnessing and high-spotting those events as successfully as possible to the end that the modern American news machine may perform its quite miraculous feat of selling, as it does, some forty million papers daily to a potential audience of some thirty million adult readers.

It is the big story with its streamer headline and full-page display that determines what a large section of the American public reads from day to day, and thinks about, and talks about, and with what degree of interest.

Here is a sledge-hammer factor in the making of opinion.

What are the elements which enter into the making of a big story? What is it that determines when an event shall be lifted from the plane of average news and enveloped in a blaze of light sufficient to focus on it for a moment the attention of a continent?

I have asked six editors to choose the big stories of 1926, to explain why they are big and to speculate on what will happen if big stories grow any bigger. The list of editors is representative. It includes, on the west coast, Fremont Older of the San Francisco Call; in the Middle West, Erie C. Hopwood of the Cleveland Plain Dealer and William Allen White of the Emporia Gazette; in the east, Julian S. Mason of the New York Evening Post, Marlin Pew of Editor and Publisher, and Kent Cooper, General Manager of the Associated Press.

There is a clear majority among these six editors as to the year's biggest story: it was the Hall-Mills case.

There is more or less general agreement as to what other stories belong in a rough list of "the first ten":

The general strike in England.
The Dempsey-Tunney fight.
The death of Rudolph Valentino.
The trans-Arctic flight of the airship Norge.
Queen Marie.
The Florida hurricane.
The World's Series.
Byrd's flight to the Pole.
Calles and the Catholic Church in Mexico.

Other stories which received several votes but not enough to qualify were Aimee McPherson, the President Roosevelt's rescue at sea, Peaches Browning and the Eucharistic Congress.

There was one vote for Gertrude Ederle and one for the Countess Cathcart.

Now here is an appraisal of the year's big news by men whose business it is to trade in news and to use type to give it its importance. Accept the list as fairly representative, and certain conclusions follow:

1. Big news is sufficient unto itself in its momentary sparkle. The emphasis it receives is not in any degree determined by the prospect that it will have interest or importance even six months in the future. Of the ten stories on this list there are just four—the British strike, the two flights to the Pole and the struggle of church and state in Mexico—which can possibly affect the political, economic, scientific, religious or artistic values of the human race or any part of it.

2. Big news is not history written in the present tense, as some commentators on the press suppose. History written in the present tense would delegate emphasis to different events in the degree to which they seemed likely to have significance in days to come. Editors are not historians, and do not deal in historical values.

3. In what values do they deal? I asked each of the editors who collaborated in the selection of this list to define the really essential element in big news, news worth that display of type which dins it into the consciousness of a whole nation. White said human importance. Cooper said human disaster. The other four agreed that it was some composite into which crime, sex, novelty and conflict entered in varying degree.

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4. Too much crime and too much sex is the time-honored indictment brought against the press by its lay critics. Witness the heads shaken over the single paragraph of Christian Endeavor news strayed into an otherwise solid page of Hall-Mills evidence.

5. The press prints crime and sex, and when it has a good enough story it runs on for columns. And it does this, I believe, less for the sometimes stated reason that it is faithfully holding the mirror up to all life, good and bad, and thereby quieting a troubled conscience, than for the reason that sales are sales and playing up a first-rate crime and sex story is one perfectly good way to market papers. Actually, however, the first-rate crime and sex story only rarely comes to hand.

6. Proof of this lies partly in the fact that the Hall-Mills case is the single crime and sex story on this list of the year's big news; it lies also in the fact that probably neither you nor I nor any other critic of the press can really think of another crime and sex story in 1926 on which the press spread itself with anything like the emphasis which went to Marie or the Norge or Calles or Byrd or twenty other stories, for that matter.

7. If the dominating interest of the press seems at times to be in crime and sex it is for one reason because crime and sex usually furnish another element still more essential to big news—not vice, but conflict.

8. Meantime there is the element of novelty. Unquestionably novelty adds interest to a story; but it is most effective, I believe, when it simply gives a new twist superficially to something old. There is no news so good as news of something apparently novel but fundamentally stylized, reawakening in the reader's mind a pleasant sense of being at home in an old familiar situation. If novelty really were prerequisite to first-page display, then after one World's Series a second World's Series would be an anti-climax and the tenth could be buried in the Want Ads. As a matter of fact, the more World's Series we have, the more elaborate becomes the effort of the press (regardless of which teams play each other) to report each fact in the story in minute detail.

9. Novelty by itself can sometimes make a story: see Marie. Sex by itself (and without crime) can sometimes make a story: see Valentino. But in the last analysis we come down to the fact, I think, that the surest element of all is conflict. Big news is really news of flying fists. Dempsey's fists, Tunney's fists, Calles's fists, the church's fists, the fists of the murderer who killed Mrs. Mills, Simpson's fists shaking in the face of the jury to demand the life of Mrs. Hall, the fists of British capital and labor threatening one another with class war, the fists of the Florida hurricane beating on the hothouse civilization of a terrified Miami. Even the Norge and the Byrd stories were essentially stories of conflict: man pitting his toy engines against great risk and Arctic head-winds. Big news is news of battle.

And big news is growing bigger.

This is a prosperous and achieving nation. With everything else about it growing bigger, it would be an anomaly if news stood still. News is not standing still. High-speed methods of reporting, vast news associations, new methods of transmitting pictures, huge newspaper incomes, all enable the press to turn upon any given news event a bright light dazzling beyond comparison. Peary's trip to the Pole did not have the brilliant chronicling of the flights of Amundsen and Byrd. Jack Johnson's knockout of Jim Jeffries went practically unnoticed, if the elaborate pre-fight news from the Dempsey-Tunney training camps and the amazing concentration of armies of reporters and photographers on a moment-to-moment record of the fight itself are a test of the world's interest. When the clock in the Western Union offices at Somerville, N. J., pointed to one o'clock on the morning of December 4, all records for news-reporting of a single trial went by the board, in a three weeks' total of twelve million words.

There is no doubt that big news is growing bigger. An interesting point is raised by the question whether it is growing so big as to smother all competing news. Is the emphasis given Mrs. Hall, or the Norge, or Queen Marie, or whoever or whatever happens to be the big story of the day, becoming so top-heavy that for the average casual reader no other story really registers, all eyes are focused on one piece of news and that morning's world (all Valentino or all Willie Stevens calling-card) is slightly upside down?

I put this question to each of the six editors who chose this list of stories. Cooper, Mason and Pew think that nothing of the sort is happening. White says, "In the New York papers, yes; outside, no." Hopwood and Older are inclined to think that something of the sort is happening everywhere. As Hopwood puts it:

> There is a growing tendency toward the emphasis of one important story a day. Of course, newspapers for many years have had "lead positions" and the editor always had to decide which of his available stories was most deserving of that position. Since we have come to streamer headlines and other devices of typographical display we are simply drawing attention to and emphasizing the principle in newspaper-making which is a good many years old. I think, however, that there is more and more of a tendency to make high spot newspapers. Too much is happening in the world to make it possible to report any considerable part of it. Therefore we have to pick out a few of the things we believe the most interesting and important. A newspaper man used to say to me in my cub days that a newspaper must be like a mirror—like the one the Lady of Shalott had, I suppose. It was to reflect everything that went on. We cannot make newspapers that way any more. To-

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day they have to be like an artist's landscape, featuring the significant and suppressing or eliminating the infinite mass of detail.

And the master-thought in the mind of the editor-artist who features the significant and suppresses the detail?

As defined by Fremont Older:

> Competition is growing and there is more pressure on all of us as time passes. . . . We editors select news according to the appeal in it, trying always to play the story that has the widest appeal. Sometimes it is a football game, sometimes a prize fight, sometimes a murder mystery and sometimes a scandal, but we are always striving to estimate as near as we can the story that will sell the greatest number of papers.

These are the factors I have in mind. In a period of increasing competition and increasing pressure it is a tendency of the press to clarify its appeal by high-spotting one big story after another in lights too bright to miss the dullest eye. This can be done. It can be done so successfully as to take the casual reader from the Hall-Mills case to Peaches Browning in almost complete unconsciousness of what came in between.

This is an era of "big news." One section of the press has begun to make the most of it. Out of "big news" have come the tabloids, throwing no steady light upon a picture of reality, but flashing in the dark like drunken searchlights.

CHARLES MERZ.

A Winter Eden

A winter Eden in an alder swamp
Where conies now come out to sun and romp,
As near a paradise as it can be
And not melt snow or start a dormant tree.

It lifts existence on a plane of snow
One level higher than the earth below,
One level nearer heaven overhead
And last year's berries shining scarlet red.

It lifts a gaunt luxuriating beast
Where he can stretch and hold his highest feast
On some wild apple tree's young tender bark,
What well may prove the years' high girdle mark.

Pairing in all known paradises ends:
Here loveless birds now flock as winter friends,
Content with bud inspecting. They presume
To say which buds are leaf and which are bloom.

A feather hammer gives a double knock.
This Eden day is done at two o'clock.
An hour of winter day might seem too short
To make it worth life's while to wake and sport.

ROBERT FROST.

Seeing a New Light in China

YOU need not be particularly interested in China to read with interest, enjoyment and access of wisdom the British government's communication to the other powers advocating a new and conciliatory policy toward China. You need only be interested in life and have a sense for the higher comedy of existence. And if you read the note with understanding of all its overtones you get an insight into the ways of men with men in this the twentieth century, or any other century, no doubt.

The note itself can be summarized briefly. It is a cogent statement of the reasons for placating China generally and making concessions specifically in those matters on which Chinese sentiment is intransigent. Thus, there is explicit renunciation of "a policy involving increase of foreign control and capable of being regarded as an encroachment on . . . sovereignty and independence of China." Further, the powers must "go as far as possible toward meeting the legitimate aspirations of the Chinese nation," must "expressly disclaim any intention of forcing foreign control upon an unwilling China" and should "abandon the idea that the economic and political development of China can only be secured under foreign tutelage." A new code of conduct indeed, but that is hardly cause for jubilations. Pronouncements by strong governments of high virtue and lofty intentions toward weak countries are not unprecedented. In fact, they usually come just before some particularly unfragrant piece of eye-gouging. But the British note gets to the point. We must at once allow China to add to its tariff rate the surcharges promised five years ago and then grant it full right to determine its own tariff schedule without foreign veto; also we must at once proceed to a revision of the existing treaties with China, treaties giving us special privileges and a measure of control, and modify the régime of extra-territoriality which grants foreigners residing in China immunity from Chinese laws. In other words, the British government gives the signal for a climb-down by the aggressive states of the West. Not a complete climb-down, but a climb-down, and that is unprecedented.

Why the climb-down? Let us see.

In 1919, when the world was under reconstruction, as you may remember, the Chinese made formal, closely reasoned and respectful request for the relaxation of foreign control in China. Concretely they asked permission to raise their tariff rates on imports and at least a promise of modification of foreign extra-territorial privileges. Receipt was acknowledged and the request pigeon-holed. Privately the Chinese were given lectures on the necessity of patience until they learned how to govern themselves with law and order. In 1921 at the Washington Conference the Chinese renewed their request in tones somewhat stiffer. They were again given paternal counsel and told to learn first how to govern themselves efficiently and honestly—this,

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incidentally, in Mr. Harding's Washington. In time to come, date unspecified, if they had learned to govern themselves as well as we do, no doubt we should be actuated by the desire to prove our well known friendship to China, etc. But an agreement was reached for a conference to draw up a new tariff schedule. And since 1921 the Chinese have been repeating their demands, always in stiffer tones. And no more than three weeks ago they were treated by an international commission to another homily on the necessity of first setting their house in order.

Then suddenly the British plea for conciliation and justice, as who should say, Come, come, why haven't we been noticing that it was time to be just to China? Suddenly the Chinese demands are granted, with admonitions against the immorality of interfering with China's internal affairs. Why? What has happened in these few years, in these few weeks, in fact?

Nothing has changed in the legalities of the situation. The treaties giving us our special rights in China are still in force and binding. Nothing has changed in the abstract moralities of the situation. No new revelation has been handed down, no new code of conduct devised by mortal man. What is right now was right in 1921, what was wrong, wrong. Why the sudden reversal, why the conversion? What has happened? This:

Two summers ago there was a strike in Shanghai which aroused Chinese anger. They decided not to plead, not to propose, not to argue. They decided to act. They called a general strike against foreigners, boycotted foreign trade, beat up foreigners and acted generally in a way not meet toward superiors. The powers issued the usual threats and the Chinese thumbed their noses, made derisive remarks, and dared anybody to do anything he wanted to do about it. Within six weeks the agreement to hold a tariff conference, made in 1922 and not carried out because unratified, was ratified and the conference called. The Chinese have been acting even more disrespectfully ever since, especially as the tariff conference and the extra-territoriality commission have been marking time for two years. Now the Cantonese nationalist group has won the upper hand and stretched its rule over most of China. And the Cantonese nationalists say openly that foreigners must live in China without any special privileges or get out. Meanwhile they have been unilaterally abrogating treaties, violating treaties, beating up foreigners, chasing out foreigners, even killing foreigners. They have had scant respect for international law and even less for unquestioned foreign rights. And they announce that when they really get settled they will do even worse. They will declare all treaties with foreign powers off and the foreign powers can negotiate new ones on terms satisfactory to the Chinese or not, just as they choose. And if the foreign powers don't like it what do they intend to do about it?

That is what has happened. For years and years and longer the Chinese presented appeals to reason and to justice. They asked for an examination of their case on grounds of legality and morals. And they spoke respectfully. They were ignored. Then they arose and began smiting about them. They made no appeals to reason, they hit what was within reach. They let the foreigner see by their action that they cared little whether they were in the right or in the wrong, they were getting what they wanted by taking it and fighting for it if they had to. And just then, just when the Chinese stop talking about right and wrong, the foreign nations begin to see the right and wrong. A few well directed blows—and vision. As the British note says, the Chinese position is doubtless in contravention of legality and the treaties, but "this does not sufficiently take into account the realities of the situation."

When, then, does a situation become real? When it gets uncomfortable. When you sit on a gentleman's chest and he demurs, he must be patient. You have been there a long time, you have a vested interest in the site. But let him wriggle out and plant a doubled-up fist on your nose, and you begin to think about realities. Nay, more, you become conscious of the moralities. It is not justice to a man to repose your person on his chest. Our ideals do not permit us to deny his legitimate aspirations to an erect posture. Nothing, then, is so effectually conducive to an access of morality as an effective wallop.

And shall not the Chinese see that, too? Shall they not make the connection of ideas and reason that if one wallop lets them up, another may get their watch and their purse and their dining-room silver back? Thus far, they are only up. The powers (assuming, as one may, that they will follow Britain's lead; France demurs, but will come into line rather than stay out in perilous isolation) have yielded, but not completely. They concede the higher tariff rates and promise tariff autonomy and a modification of extra-territoriality. But the Chinese demand the abolition of extra-territoriality, the nullification of all unequal treaties and full sovereign rights. And having got so much and knowing they have got it only by a successful show of force they will not be in a mood to compromise. It may be confidently predicted that as we have climbed down so far already, so we shall climb down all the way before long.

And shall not others read the lesson of these events? India, for instance, which also must be patient until it has set its house in order. And the Philippines, which Mr. Carmi Thompson has but just now been telling that they must fit themselves for self-government. And Syria, and Egypt, and Morocco, and oh, any number of places now undergoing moral and civic tutelage. What reason is there to believe that they, too, will not perceive that one's instruction is completed when, and only when, one can show that one can take the instructor and wring his neck; and act on their perception? Why shall not they also induce an access of morality?

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If Nicaragua, now, if Nicaragua only had a few million more men. And Mexico! Suppose Mexico had a bigger and better equipped army. What do you suppose Mr. Secretary Kellogg would think then about the illegality of ex post facto regulations and confiscation?

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Washington Notes

BEFORE the winter is over and the flowers bloom again on the old "South lot" as the Presidential Spokesman in his quaint and homely way so touchingly refers to the southern portion of the White House grounds, considerably more than a majority of the members of the Republican National Committee will probably have been here in Washington and had at least one meal with the President. Already, I am told by those who keep track of such things that by actual and accurate count there have been eight of these party officials at the White House since December 1. At that rate the country can be pretty well covered before the short session ends and such is, I am informed, the White House plan. About the only members of the Committee who are not likely to receive invitations are those who are entirely negligible as party factors in their respective states, or certain dark-hued committeemen from the far South where Republican politics is managed mostly by Negro leaders. Not that this administration has the least tendency to draw the color line in politics or has evidenced the slightest lily white flavor in its delegate dealings. Still so far as I know none of the colored party leaders has had an invitation and a large number of others have.

Thus the campaign of Mr. Coolidge for a third term is being conducted in a typically Coolidgean way without noise or publicity or parade, but with extraordinary effectiveness none the less. Neither the members of Congress nor the newspaper correspondents nor the secretarial force around the Executive offices know the extent to which the game is being played, nor who are all the guests who come for lunch and dinner, some of whom spend the night. A good many are of course observed, but most of them do not appear at the offices at all, but come and go from the house and are thus not so easily checked up. No particular effort is made to conceal these visits of party leaders. There is nothing really furtive or secret about them. The only point is that no lists of names are given out to the White House reporters as is the case when Senators or Congressmen are invited to breakfast or as has been the custom with the guest list on board the Mayflower.

There is nothing particularly new in the fact that a considerable number of party personages of more or less importance in their respective states are entertained by Mr. Coolidge without getting their names in the papers. As has been pointed out in this place before that means of keeping in personal touch with political and journalistic factors throughout the country has been systematically, skilfully and calculatingly pursued by Mr. Coolidge ever since he became President. To a greater extent than any of his predecessors in this generation he has extended White House hospitality for this purpose. There is not the least room for just criticism of him for this, but it is illuminating and instructive to know how far the thing is being carried. The real difference now is that these personal summonses to the White House will be more numerous and more widely scattered and carefully chosen in 1927 than in 1926. All that this means is that Mr. Coolidge is quite legitimately utilizing his prerogatives and prestige in the entirely laudable design of sewing up the 1928 nomination for himself. No one can quarrel with him about that.

Not that when these committeemen, editors of farm journals, party leaders and others visit him in the White House Mr. Coolidge reveals to them his desire for renomination and asks their support. That would indeed be crude and nothing like it occurs. Very often what passes for conversation between the President and his guests could be broadcast all over the place without creating the slightest political sensation or even interest. It is true that not many get away without talking politics, but with Mr. Coolidge's aides and advisors—not with Mr. Coolidge himself. Nearly always they have a confidential chat with dear old Papa Stearns who is as apt as not to accompany them in the White House automobile to their hotel or to see them safely on the train back home. The really practical fellows drop around to see "Jim" White at National Committee headquarters or have a talk with "Ted" Clarke, private and personal secretary to Mr. Coolidge and an exceedingly astute lad. Jim and Ted talk the language of practical politics and the White House guest, puzzled by the noncommittal conversation of Mr. Coolidge and bewildered by the enthusiastic earnestness of Papa Stearns, finds his mind easily and delightfully clarified by a few minutes' conversation with Jim or Ted. They give Mr. Coolidge, I must admit, splendid coöperation—these Massachusetts friends of his. It is seldom indeed they miss a trick and the value of their services is hard to overestimate. The enormous advantage which possession of the White House gives to a candidate seeking nomination is not generally grasped. Those who appreciate it fully and know what is going on are inclined to think that the little job of sewing up the nomination for Calvin will be almost completed before hot weather comes again. I say "almost" because the thing cannot be securely and entirely sewed up. Some loose threads are sure to be left sticking out—and there's the danger.

I do not like to close this piece without some reference to the curious case of Senator-elect Frank L. Smith of Illinois. Yet so uncertain is the situation that I am really afraid to write anything much because of the very considerable possibility that whatever is said may be made to seem extremely foolish before it is printed. As things stand now the plan of the Senate is to let Mr. Smith in just long enough for him to get his seat warm and then throw him violently through the swinging doors. At least that is the way they talk here just before the Senate re-convenes after the holidays, but that is no sign they will act that way when the time comes to vote. A short time ago the whole Senate was in a rage against Mr. Smith and it was freely and emphatically proclaimed that if he showed up here with his credentials he would not be permitted

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so much as to put his nose in the door. But there has been a distinct softening in the Senate attitude—not to the point of letting him stay in the Senate, but at least beyond the point where it was planned to hit him with a club before he opened his mouth. It is now generally agreed that political leper though he may be, still Mr. Smith has some rights. There are those who maintain that before long a still further softening of Republican Senators toward Senator-elect Smith will occur and that while two weeks ago it seemed a ten to one bet that he would be thrown out, the odds are not better than two to one at this time. Personally I am growing sceptical as to whether either Vare or Smith will be ejected next session. I look to see our Democratic friends split forty ways from Sunday when the time comes to vote—and without the bulk of the Democrats against them, they cannot be unseated. I know that this idea is not according to the present dope and is not held by any of our leading political dopesters. I may be all wrong, but wait and see. Smith may be thrown out before this piece is printed, but he will be back next session — and the more roughly he is treated now the stronger he will be then.

Nor am I one of those who attribute the softening of certain administration Republican Senators toward Mr. Smith to a realization that Governor Small and Smith between them will control the Illinois delegation to the next national convention. That may or may not be true. Illinois politics is far too confusing and complicated for anyone to speak in the tone of authority about that, but even if it should be true it is a silly idea and the reasons are so plain it ought not to be necessary to set them forth. If Frank Lowden is a candidate for the nomination the Illinois delegation will be for him regardless of what happens to Mr. Smith or how he is treated. And if Lowden is not a candidate, then it will not make an awful lot of difference to Mr. Coolidge whether Illinois is for the Coolidge renomination or not. He would be in a position not to care greatly.

T. R. B.

Washington.

A Red Carpet for Shelley

I

But this is nothing; an eccentric joke,
The legendary patchwork of a year
Flung into muddiness, like Raleigh's cloak,
To ask the honor of your step, my dear.
Your path is printed on the atmosphere
Forever as a flame against the smoke
Of obscure vision, and I must invoke
Your magnanimity to make it clear.

If I might spread soft words like living grass
Laid smooth beneath the heavy wheels of Time;
If I might loose the river of a rhyme
Or build a pavement out of gold and glass
Providing Heaven for you to walk upon,
It would be well; it would be better done.

II

The only engine which can fabricate
Language from spirit is the heart of each;
Industrious blood has braided into speech
The airy filaments of love and hate.
I have the labor of my own estate,
A pitiful machine which shall not reach
A single stellar thread; I cannot teach
Its narrow nerves the virtue to be great.

If my devout affection had been given
Commensurate power, which doubt nor custom dulls;
If I possessed the pure and fiery pulse
By true divinity informed and driven,
I would unroll the rounded moon and sun
And knit them up for you to walk upon.

III

The little sum of my experience
Remains the sole contrivance I produce
To weave this mesh, to color and confuse
These ragged syllables with soul and sense.
I have been put to one supreme expense;
This was the noblest tincture I could use,
This the most subtle grain; I cannot choose
The dye to turn the lacklustre intense.

I have the proper scarlet of my veins,
The clean involved precision of my mind,
And you, who are so excellently kind,
Will not reject the tissue of my pains,
Stained by mortality's vermilion
To make a world for you to walk upon.

IV

Forgive the savage texture of the spoil
Tinted so barbarously by the clay
The rusty iron and the ocean-spray
Which lifted up my body from the soil.
Forgive the complicated brittle coil
Of my infirm invention, which I lay
Where you may pause, and pass, and never stay.
Here are the shocks of maize, the honey and oil,

The fruits like harvest moons, the fabulous land,
The crystal hills, the veiled prismatic plain;
And you will come, and you will not remain,
Nor leave a trace along the gilded sand.
So presently you will be come and gone;
Here's a strange road for you to walk upon.

Elinor Wylie.

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All Around the Town

Movies of Mt. Everest

Those who heard Captain John Noel at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, tell about the last Mt. Everest expedition, and saw his photographs and motion pictures, will not soon forget the experience. Captain Noel gave a very presentable lecture, almost flat and commonplace in its language, yet of such restraint and simplicity that, before the end, one was aware only of the courage of a handful of men and the colossal savage dignity of the mountain that defeated them. Particularly moving, though told in the plainest words, was his brief account of the disappearance of Mallory and Irvine, who were last seen at the unbearable height of 28,600 feet—not much more than a hundred yards from the summit—and were never seen again, alive or dead. Did they reach the top? Did they continue their slow, breathless crawl upward, knowing that night would catch them, and that night would be fatal, on the slim chance of being the first human beings to get to the top of the world? This is Chomo-Lungma's secret, and she guards it well. Captain Noel's photography, especially the motion pictures, was extraordinarily fine. Everest is by no means the most beautiful of the Himalayas, but any great snow peak, if courted with art and patience, will yield stunning glimpses. From the west, across the Tibetan plains, a violent wind perpetually blows. From the southern slope a damp fog ceaselessly rolls up. West wind and southern fog meet on the summit, and the wind blows the fog sharply away, level with the top, in an eternal banner which Everest has flown for thousands of years and will for thousands more. Only a motion picture can make this banner fly. And no "still" could give you that last magnificent fade-out of Captain Noel's lecture: a foreground pitch-black with night, and above it, forty miles away, a fiery barrier of snow and rocky, angled peaks, lighted as if from underneath, threatened by swift shadows from invisible mountains between them and the sun, invaded by gigantic running bars of light and darkness, and then suddenly blackened out.

The Guitrys in New York

The Guitrys, in coming to America, have undergone the same process of magnification as Raquel Meller and the Chauve-Souris. The prices of the first-night seats were inflated to $27.50, and everybody attended the opening from Mayor Walker to Otto Kahn; the boxes were draped in French and American flags. Against all this, the little comedy of Mozart seemed rather light and commonplace entertainment. The elder Guitry, who was a great actor, gave the Guitrys most of their weight and, without him, their arrival has scarcely the importance which the pomp of the opening seemed to imply (at any rate, let it be said to his honor, Sacha Guitry refrained from making a speech on international relations). It was perhaps thought that Mozart and Deburau, of which the second act was given at the opening, would show the Guitrys at their best advantage: both are romantic costume comedies in verse and diversified with music. But the truth is that Sacha Guitry's costume pieces which exploit historical personages are far less interesting than his modern comedies which exploit no one but Mlle. Printemps and himself. Mlle. Printemps, for example, is charming as the epicene figure of fantasy which seems to have been inspired less by Mozart than by Beaumarchais's Chérubin; but what one really wants to see her do is the music hall gamine of L'Illusioniste or the wide-eyed, unfaithful wife of Le Mari, la Femme et l'Amant. Mlle. Printemps has the impudent salient nose and the intelligence, at once ironic and naïve, of the Parisienne; she represents, in her own different field, a little the same sort of thing that Mistinguette and Yvette Guilbert do in theirs. And M. Guitry is never better inspired than when he is writing for her rôles of this sort. We are promised some of these boulevard comedies for later bills. In the meantime, though I have spoken of Mozart as comparatively commonplace, the most commonplace, like the most trivial, of Sacha Guitry's comedies are touched by an intelligence and taste, and colored by a special vein of fancy, which give them a unique distinction and value.

Bad Vaudeville and Its Friends

Devotees of vaudeville are fond of saying that this popular art reaches its finest flower on Broadway, New York; but while this is true, it is not the whole truth. A block from Times Square it is possible to see one of the worst variety shows in the world, quite as bad as you will find on any side street in Fall River or Detroit. The performances are continuous for twelve hours a day, second-rate motion pictures being interspersed to give the performers a breathing spell. Here you may see the acrobats grown too old and fat for any but the least captious audience; the singing comedienne who conceives of personality as something you achieve by doing calisthenics rapidly in public; the dramatic sketch, in which the actors appear to be thinking of other matters, and shout their dull, violent lines so that each phrase crashes against the rear wall of the auditorium and dies there. The song and dance men are always too fat or too thin, and the fat ones make a jest of their deformity, like the hunchbacked clown at a mediæval court. Between the phrases of their song, which is all about "my ba-ha-ha-haby," they may be heard quarreling fiercely in undertones. There is usually a trained bear or two, with an elderly managing female in attendance, and the more elderly, the more inevitably she is in white tights, patent leather knee boots and a fur-trimmed red jacket. The bears would be dignified and simple, if left alone, the only performers on the bill with any sense of personal worthiness; but they are forced to wear roller skates and thus descend to the grotesque human level. The whole performance goes on in silence, save for the sour and strident music of the three-piece orchestra; the audience applauds so seldom that when hands are clapped the more courageous performers stop and make a special jest of it. Despite this, there is clearly a wistful wanting of praise behind their whole performance, so that a sensitive person cannot refrain from giving it to them as one does to a small child which with infantile exhibitionism makes a hash of Mary Had a Little Lamb. Most of the audience, however, feels no such urge. The place is packed all day

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long, mostly with men, mostly young and roughly clad. They sit in silence hour after hour, chewing gum or merely suspiring over their adenoids. One wonders who they are, how they can afford to spend their days thus, and what sort of lives they lead, if they find escape from reality by frequenting this dismal spot.

Woolworth Classics

In the mountains of Tennessee are manufactured, with native labor, native pulp, native everything except ink, thousands upon thousands of very respectable looking little books, reprints of classics for the most part, which retail upon Woolworth counters for ten cents apiece. These books must by now include over a hundred titles. Yet upon any Woolworth counter you will not find more than half a dozen titles, the Deerslayer perhaps, and Ivanhoe, and In His Steps, and three or four others. Why, if there are so many others to choose from, do the five-and-ten-cent stores not offer their vast public a wider choice? For a perfectly sound, shrewd reason, which you or I would never guess. The wizards of Woolworth know that it pays them to have their stores crowded with people looking at everything from lockets and lampshades to aluminum and monkey wrenches. Every customer looking at a counter full of wares pays them, but every customer who stops too long at one counter prevents others from looking and, therefore, represents a loss. The Woolworth wizards have calculated the time beyond which hesitation over a certain display becomes unprofitable. Nothing invites longer hesitation and handling than a counter full of books. Keep the counter full by all means, but cut down the titles of the books in it to about six, and the browser will not outstay his financial welcome. Abundance spread thin brings millions in.

A Missionary Retires

THOSE newspaper men who were bidden to meet at Walter Damrosch's house on an afternoon in December, to hear an announcement "of particular importance," went with interest and alacrity; for Damrosch not only knows news, and wastes no journalist's time, but is likewise a famous host, and allows no guest to depart unslaked. They got their refreshment and they got their news, which was that Damrosch was handing in his resignation as conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, a post that he had held continuously for forty-two years.

As one paper remarked the next day, it was as if the Statue of Liberty had resigned; for Damrosch has managed to identify himself with New York's musical activities to a degree that no living man has approached. If you sing, play, or listen to music, you have probably met him; if you hate music he has probably taken pains to meet you. Few musicians have pursued so multifarious and unflagging a career. When he succeeded his father, Leopold Damrosch, as conductor of the New York Symphony in 1885, he succeeded him also as conductor of the Oratorio Society and as assistant conductor of the lately founded German Opera Company.

Nine years later he was head of an opera company bearing his own name. He wrote a grand opera, The Scarlet Letter, and toured the country with it. He has been, in the words of his Who's Who biography, "devoted exclusively to the New York Symphony Orchestra, which he organized into a permanent orchestra, since 1903." What he means by "exclusively" may be inferred from the fact that since 1903 he has managed to write another grand opera, Cyrano de Bergerac, incidental music for Euripides's Medea and Iphigenia in Tauris, and Sophocles's Elektra, to start a school for bandmasters at Chaumont in 1918, at Pershing's request, and to be one of the founders of the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau in 1921. For years past he has likewise found time to deliver an annual series of lecture-recitals upon Wagner's music dramas.

I have seen him referred to as a pioneer in American music. He is not. His father, and his father's bitterest rival, Theodore Thomas, were the men who cleared the ground. He has cultivated it. Or, to use a more modern and urban metaphor, they dug up the prospects, he closed the deal. He has been "selling" music to eastern America for two generations, and with impressive success.

As a conductor he has had rather less than his due, I believe, particularly from his less attentive and experienced listeners. For his conducting is strictly for the orchestra. There are conductors who rally the hearer to the music, whose gallant, inspiring backs suggest white horses and flashing lances. Damrosch generally conveys the impression that he would rather sit down. He does not draw pictures of the theme with his right hand, nor manipulate invisible silken cords with his left. His beat is a strict, graceless down-left-right-up that suggests nothing beyond a man beating time.

But he knows his business. He does his drilling at rehearsals, and his men admire him, and respect him, and at suitably frequent intervals play like angels for him. Even his bitterest detractor has never been able satisfactorily to explain how he could have selected the magnificent body of players with which he has surrounded himself, or stumbled upon the extraordinarily beautiful and homogeneous tonal quality of their ensemble.

The critics quarrel with his occasionally listless performances of the classics—and rightly enough. He can sometimes make Tchaikovsky dull and Beethoven unbearable. But I have never heard him miss a cue, or allow wrong notes or sloppy attacks, and I have never heard him give a bad performance of difficult or unfamiliar music.

He never was a Karl Muck, and I don't believe he ever wanted to be one. He seems curiously impatient of ultra-subtle readings of the classics—an attitude possibly left over from his youthful days, when the conductor's task was not so much to interpret Brahms as to induce his audience to listen to Brahms at all. But give him something untried, something to coax his hearers into giving a hearing, something to challenge his own musicianship and the skill of his orchestra, and he brings to it not only enthusiasm and good intentions, but intelligence, imagination, and conducting technique. He has played more new music during the past quarter century, probably, than all his New York contemporaries put together; and as a rule has played it better. Find a modern orchestra work that has elements

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of permanent value, and you will usually find also that Damrosch gave it its first New York hearing.

American composers owe him an incalculable debt. I know of one American work that he accepted in ten minutes just after another conductor had returned it, without comment, after a year's perusal. He gave John Carpenter his first important New York hearing with the Adventures in a Perambulator suite. When George Gershwin began to loom large as America's first potential serious jazz composer, Damrosch promptly commissioned him to write a jazz piano concerto, and has played it all over the East. In the foreign field he has given first hearings to works by—among others—Stravinsky and Honegger, and has conducted them better than the composers' own countrymen have done. His first passion has always been music, more music, newer music. Musicians still remember Seidl's readings of Wagner; but they also remember that Damrosch gave the first performances of Parsifal ever heard in this country.

I am not sure, but I think he was the first American ever to conduct symphony concerts exclusively for children. He has been doing this for years. Even if you were allowed in to one of the Saturday morning children's concerts of the New York Symphony (which you would not be, unless you had a child with you), you would probably be unable to find a seat; for they are always crowded to the doors. A considerable proportion of his audience today must have been brought up by him, musically speaking.

"I wish to retire while I am still young enough not to have to give advancing years as the reason," he wrote in the letter announcing his resignation. So, reluctantly, they have given him what he calls leisure. This consists in continuing two series of children's concerts, remaining as guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, and broadcasting an extensive series of Wagner lectures and educational concerts over the radio. I am wondering when he will discover the Vitaphone. DEEMS TAYLOR.

The Moderns

INTERNATIONAL Exhibition of Modern Art at the Brooklyn Museum.—The dominant works in this exhibition belong to that branch of modern painting and sculpture which has gone in for pattern alone. The Villons and Marins and Kuniyoshi's share the technical interest of the other modernists; but they belong, essentially, to the trunk of traditional art; and when they are successful, their achievement rests on the same basis as a Bellini, a Poussin, or a Courbet. In the work of a Leger, a Molzahn, an Archipenko, or a Domela-Nieuwenhuis, on the other hand, the painting is purely an abstract pattern based upon a mechanical or a geometrical form; and it would be unfair to judge their canvases, or their contrivances in metal and glass, by the same criterion one would use for traditional art: intellectual depth, feeling, the total reaction to life expressed in plastic form—these things do not belong to the pure abstractionist: one might as well demand such qualities from a Greek fret or the tesselated pavement of a Roman bath. Something else is being achieved by these men; there is enough vitality and unity in their effort to give a common tone to the work of countries as far apart and as isolated as Holland and Russia; but the fact is that these juxtapositions of flat color, these contrasting geometrical surfaces, these attempts to pass beyond the restrictions of pigment through the use of glass, mirrors, metallic buttons, or what not, are simply not significant in the sense that Redon's Orpheus is significant.

I do not mean to say that these "patternists" do not find a source of their abstractions in our everyday experience; on the contrary, their patterns are interesting precisely because they do. Observe the derricks, the ropes, the stanchions and the ladders of a modern steamship, close at hand in the night, when the hard shadows mingle with the hard white shapes: it is a new fact of æsthetic experience: if it is to be rendered at all, it must be transposed in the same hard way. Or stand on a deserted subway platform, and contemplate the low cavity becoming a black tube, into which, as the train rumbles into the station two green circles suddenly appear and widen. These forms have a simplicity which at times is almost emptiness. Absent from such experiences is the play of surfaces, the dance of light and shade, the subtleties of color, tone and atmosphere, the intricate harmonies which human bodies and human settings display, and which every organic being exhibits in the landscape; these qualities belong to an older plane of experience, which traditional art has explored in a hundred different ways. The mechanist does not see these things; or if he sees them, he is not interested; or, if he is interested, he transposes them into the hard surfaces, the rigid volumes, the stark shapes, that properly characterize machines; if he seeks to represent external objects, he confines himself, like Louis Lozowick, to great cubic buildings, grain elevators, machines, unvisited by human beings, unaffected by the seasons.

In breaking through our habitual perceptions and proclaiming the validity of these new experiences and their equivalent interpretations the modernist has paid the penalty of the pioneer—on one hand, he has been misunderstood and on the other, he has sometimes become a fanatical doctrinaire, who has not merely opened up a new world of vision, but has tried to deny either the interest or the possibility of an older one. Now, mechanical forms dominate us only to the extent that we live in a completely urbanized, or, one might even say, a completely underground environment; and in spite of all its ingenious artifices and substitutions, this environment does not provide sufficient nourishment for either body or spirit. One look at the human face, and we remember Rembrandt; one look at the sky and we recall Turner, Ryder, Monet; one glimpse of a beautiful woman and we remember all the sacred and profane loves of the Renaissance. Only an ascetic would deny this richness for the bare world of mechanics; nor is there any need to do this: mature artists, like Picasso, Matisse, or Marin, do not see the world through a single peep-hole. A certain concentration upon this new order of experience was perhaps necessary in the early stages of the movement: for the modernist was confronted with the necessity of creating a medium and a technique which would enable us to behold, actually for the first time, the world of mechanical forms we have created. To achieve this vision was one thing, to trans-

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pose it was another. Here is where the rub lies: the difficulty of keeping mechanical abstractions at the same level of interest as the subjects of traditional art is so great that lesser artists fall quite easily into experimental craftsmanship—which is another matter. Metzinger has achieved art through mechanical forms in painting; Duchamp-Villon and Brancusi in sculpture, and Stieglitz in photography; but for one abstract composition that is good in itself I fancy that there are a dozen which would be more satisfactory if applied as a wall design, a carpet, a book-cover.

In other words, the large part of the pattern-paintings seem to me to belong to the advance guard of a modern arts and crafts movement. I do not mean this as a reproach; for it points rather to the valuable contribution that the modernist movement has made. Picabia's landscape, with its comically perverse use of macaroni and feathers, does not belong in a museum: but it might be amusing in the window of a travel bureau. Molzahn's Family Group II will never perhaps mean anything for the observer like a family group by Renoir: but it would make an excellent bedquilt. These pure abstractions do not lead us into the realm of contemplation; they bring us back, rather, to the practical life, with a sense of enriched possibilities; for such abstractions were the very meat of old handicraft design; as even our own American bedquilts and hooked rugs show; and we need similar designs, equally fresh and inventive, to deliver us from the dull "periodicity" of present day American art.

John Storr's studies in stone forms, Gabo's constructions in glass, and many of the abstract paintings show that the artist is approaching the modern architect in design. In Holland this rapprochement has gone so far that it amounts to an active collaboration; while in Germany Moholy-Nagy the painter has joined with Gropius, a modernist architect, in editing a book on international architectural forms. The abstract patterns of this school have no emotional interest: so much the better: for one does not want the spotting of a wall or the pattern of a linoleum to put one in the same emotional state as a painting by Miss Georgia O'Keefe. In architecture and the accessory arts, pure pattern is a highly desirable quality; and in our own day we are perhaps more likely to find such patterns in terms of mechanical forms than we are, like the older craftsmen, in flowers, animals and growing things. Our subways, our offices, our apartment houses, our factories all belong to this mechanical scheme: we stultify ourselves when we pretend that they have affiliations with anything else; and if the designers of these structures knew their business, they would employ the pattern-painters, with their vivid colors and their excessively simple designs to give these buildings the touch of color and ornament they now lack. Whether one likes these pictures or not, they are what one *ought* to like so long as one is content to live and profit by an altogether mechanical civilization. So far as there is life at all in this milieu, modern art expresses it; and until we develop something better in society, we would do well to make the most of it.

Chardin at the Wildenstein Gallery.—When the method of realism attracts to itself all the powers of the mind it passes beyond its own limitations. Robinson Crusoe and Moll Flanders are works of art; but no one can tell what made them so, except that art was the last thing in Defoe's mind, and that he poured into the mere facts of the narrative all that he could possibly give them. Chardin is the Defoe of painting; his subjects are the commonplaces of the kitchen; he is as honest as a carpenter and as faithful as an old-fashioned merchant—and behold, the result is neither carpentry nor goods of commerce, but art! There is something of a formula in almost all the pictures of this admirable exhibition: a vertical object, fixing the centre of attention and getting most of the high lights—a pair of hanging fish, a rabbit's leg, a hanging rabbit, a hanging piece of meat—placed upon a solid pedestal of horizontal objects, set in a lower key, but very subtle in the interplay of colors and fine in texture. But it is a good formula: in each canvas it is solidly worked out. What perfect pictures they must have been in a small bourgeois interior: I confess that they seem to me too honest for Louis XV furniture, in the court mode. Chardin brought the kitchen subjects and the kitchen virtues into the drawing room; but this good man must have been as uncomfortable in the world of fashion as Rousseau himself. If anyone wants to know what proletarian art is, let him look on Chardin, who painted during a period when the workman was still something of an artist, and when the artist was sufficiently employed to pick up an honest penny as a workman.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Resolved—

AS I got in, he got out. An undistinguished figure with a rather friendly-looking pair of goloshes. That is all I remember, and all, I dare say, that there was to notice. When he had disappeared, there, on his empty seat, lay a few folded papers. I glanced at them, I read a little, I read on, I finished. And this slice of life, this bit of personal bark scraped off an unknown tree, I will now share with you.

Whereas—it begins—*whereas I am by all accounts the captain of my soul, I do hereby resolve, beginning with January first, destructively as follows:*

Not to jingle keys in public.

Not to be afraid of cows, dogs, or unknown whiskey.

Not to read the funny papers, even for self-alleged sociological purposes.

Not to disparage my native town.

Not to boast of lunching with the great, the near-great and persons mentioned in newspaper colyums.

Never again to refer to the latter as colyums.

Not to buy unnecessary notebooks, neckties, chewing-gum or bath soap.

Not to count cracks in the sidewalk.

Not to make lists of things that must be done, lose them, and make new lists.

Never to say, "I haven't read it, but I hear it's good," or "I haven't met him, but I know who you mean."

Not to throw stones at marks.

Not to repent me, while still seated, of intending not to give my seat to women in subways, nor to be ashamed at denying beggars.

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Not to think about the Riviera.

Not to visit anger upon corks and hammers.

Not to sing in the bath, or indeed anywhere.

Not to smoke, take coffee, turn my cuffs, match for drinks, roll up theatre programs, or wish that taxis would collide.

Not to tell people how much Anne Nichols has made out of Abie's Irish Rose.

Not to say "goodbye" more than once, and never to say "bye-bye" at all.

Not to read time-tables for pleasure.

Not to boast of knowing little places where andirons, Chianti, or razor-blades may be had cheap.

Not to imagine I am a bullfighter, or a quarterback, or a Nobel prize-winner, or a Mayor, or a Tilden, or a multi-millionaire.

Not, when with Englishmen, to talk like them, or with truck-drivers to talk tough, or with single ladies to converse sympathetically about tea-cups, old silver and emotions.

Not to wind my watch in the middle of the day.

Not to invite mental injury for the sake of its sequels, apology and pity.

Not to dream of incomes, windfalls, inheritances, figures, thousands, Mæcenases, royalties, dollars, copper-mines, oil, rewards, grateful bootleggers, tenth large printings, or gold, gold, gold.

Not to wish for burglars, on the remote chance of capturing them heroically.

Not to fear burglars, on the remote chance of being plugged full of lead.

Not to watch excavations, snow-plows, steam shovels and skyscraper derricks for longer than three minutes.

Not to take off my hat in elevators.

Not to think poorly of Armenians, ministers and distant European monarchs.

Not to put a spoon into my mouth endways.

And I constructively resolve as follows:

To save fifty dollars a month.

To wear those arches in my shoes.

To learn a great deal about the battles of the Civil War.

To think originally.

To go to the Bronx Zoo, and make friends with the animals.

To read aloud to someone in a hospital.

To try to earn twenty thousand dollars a year.

To take an interest in national, state and local politics, to get the Constitution by heart, to find out about the Dred Scott decision, to read the Congressional Record, to look up the World Court, to know the Senators personally, to take the district leader out to lunch, to canvass, watch at polls, and have the text of the new referendum act sent from Norway.

To get constructively drunk at stated, but not accidental intervals, and never tipsy.

To compete in the Best Slogan contest of the Twin Valve Motor Company, and win five thousand dollars.

To save twenty-five dollars a month.

To feel sympathy for the victims of Florida and California disasters.

To visit the Art Museum every week and learn something about Rubens, Titian, Velasquez, Lawrence, Nagel, Piranesi, Charles Dana Gibson and all the others, and to find out the influences which led them to do as they did.

To make this a banner year.

To talk frequently in a loud clear voice about important topics.

To rise at 7, or at least at 8:30.

To cultivate the accent of sincerity.

To keep accounts, and save ten dollars a week.

To meet men who know all about grain-growers' co-operatives.

To receive a stupendous offer from Hearst, and turn it down.

To earn a hundred dollars a day.

To get the laws of heredity, evolution, psychology and physics clearly in mind, and explain them to others. Also the binomial theorem.

To walk four hours daily, rain or shine, and notice what I see, and write it down, legibly.

To write a successful play about a man, a woman, and possibly another man.

To win the prize for the best biographical novel of American life.

To learn to play squash, chess, handball, and baccarat.

To answer all letters within thirty days.

To look at all faces intuitively, and remember them.

To live on my income.

To double my income.

To write short stories for the Saturday Evening Post, the Cosmopolitan, the Red Book, and the American Magazine.

To learn what is expected of me; and do something else.

To increase ten-fold my capacity for work, play, and self-development.

To visit interesting schools, and see what happens.

To sell scenarios [illegible] movies, and write them.

To learn exactly [illegible] ich Anne Nichols has made by Abie's Irish Ros [illegible] te.

To swallow noise

To put myself o[illegible] iap.

To read Plato, [illegible], Helen of Troy, Arrowsmith, Wuthering Heights [illegible] Boat, Anthony Trollope, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ulys [illegible] holas Nickleby, and the works of Hume, Hugo, [illegible] low, Schnitzler, Booth Tarkington, Dante, To[illegible] pling, Hawthorne, Ibsen, London, Cervantes, V[illegible] œthe, Gibbon, Huneker, Zola, Millay, France, P[illegible] nser, Dumas and Croce.

To save whatev[illegible] is left in my pockets every night.

To learn by h[illegible] hat I can remember them, at least ten good di[illegible] s.

To take some[illegible] d at Columbia.

To develop my [illegible] orth side, and get the hang of cabinet-making, passepart[illegible] call [illegible]-binding, carpentry, masonry and steam-fitting.

To earn money[illegible] hard t[illegible] spare time.

To make frie[illegible] should b[illegible] people of all kinds.

To give some[illegible] rst, inalie[illegible] n mind. [illegible] ore the year is over, a poke in the eye.

[illegible] iversal ed

[illegible] Jniversal

This useful docu[illegible] proce[illegible] shall not return to its owner, but frame for my [illegible] nce, whi[illegible] aristocra[illegible] rmation, guidance, and self-enhancement. On to[illegible] e word, [illegible] ith a light heart!

ROBERT LITTELL.

[illegible] has been
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CORRESPONDENCE

Child Labor Day

SIR: This is a request for your coöperation in the observance of Child Labor Day on the last three days of January, 1926—Saturday, January 29 for synagogues; Sunday, January 30 for churches, and Monday, January 31 for schools.

Will you not announce it in your publication, indicating that individuals or organizations desiring posters, leaflets and other material for this purpose can secure them free of charge from the National Child Labor Committee, 215 Fourth Ave., New York City?

GERTRUDE FOLKS ZIMAND.

New York, N. Y.

Are School Teachers Citizens?

SIR: I liked your editorial, Are School Teachers Citizens? It says so many things I have thought myself in the seventeen years I've been teaching that it is very comforting.

I am reminded of a principal I once worked for who discovered, at the last minute, that I had caused one of his charges to learn a selection from Mr. Britling Sees It Through, which included the words: "What have we been fighting for? What are we fighting for? Do you know? Does anyone know?" This incendiary doctrine the lad—who was as much interested in the content of the lines as he would have been in an excerpt from the Rig-Veda—was to speak at a public exhibition; and friend principal, blue in the face and chattering as to teeth, rewrote the speech so as to make it inoffensive to the loyal tax-payers, who, he said, would object to such heterodox teachings from a public school platform. And he stamped his foot and said, "I will not permit any boy in my school to imply that we did not know what we were fighting for!" Being pressed for time, I did not ask him; but I have sometimes wondered.

I think it is only fair to say that so far as I personally am concerned, I've no grievance against the status quo, except that things are so deadly dull in our ... But so far as money goes, I get, not all I want to be sure ... like a Pierce-Arrow, but all that the work I do is actua... ; and so do all my acquaintances in this work. I can ... to mind a single public school teacher whose work seems ... to be worth more than it commands. But I agree that it ... hat a person who yearns to inveigh against the status quo ... e hampered or discouraged in what seems to me the fi... nable right of man. I think this, too, should be borne ... There is a great deal of confused thinking regarding uni... ucation in its hypothetical effect on general intelligence. ... education means a general grading down of the teachi... ss to adapt it to the capacity of the average intellige... h is admittedly low. Real intelligence is a rare and a... tic phenomenon. And it only is, in the real sense of th... lucable. I fancy that the proportion of real intelligence ... constant since civilization began; and that wherever ... ed, it has taken care of its own education, regardless ... and systems.

When there was a process of n... to the ... work which restricted the number who kept o... how ... viously it was the fit—intellectually speaking—who ... e, to da... high school and beyond. They demanded more of t... lessly. ... ; and since able men were required to satisfy their ... n the ... urally the teacher occupied the estate he deserved in t... Rabelais esteem, as he does today. But when the strange attempt, S... made, in all seriousness and good faith, to democratize an ... ially aristocratic process, what actually happened was that schools became, not places for the education of the educable, but detention camps for all the children of all the people.

To shepherd these lambs, no very high degree of talent or capacity is required; the qualities of patience and long-suffering that you speak of a trifle slightingly are really more valuable in the actual work to be done in a school of average pupils than the rarer and more scintillating qualities of the school men of an earlier day.

And speaking of *scintillating* reminds me that this same loyal principal of mine, who suffered cruelly from cacoethes loquendi, rarely got through a morning assembly without that word; and he pronounced it *skintillating*.

CLAIRE WILLIAMS.

Albion, N. Y.

Religion and the Church

SIR: I should like to reply to the editor of the American Church Monthly who wrote the recent communication on the Confusion of Modernism. To my thinking he only adds confusion to the subject. He says that he is neither a Fundamentalist nor a Modernist. The fact that he is neither a Fundamentalist nor a Modernist shows that he is confused. The spiritual needs of men call for certainty. In the religions of the past men found certainty in canons of religious truth, whose authority was self-imposed or ecclesiastically imposed. History shows us that certain claims of those canons were ill-founded, and must be surrendered. Science now comes showing us realms of thought concerning which those who wrote the books of the sacred canon knew nothing, or concerning which they had erroneous ideas. The weakness of an authority which was not scientific, i.e., not amenable to a pragmatic text which could not be proved by anyone who desired proof, has been tragically felt in our day. Many who were Fundamentalists, while they do not approve the temper of Modernism, do not know where they stand. Called to be ministers of light, they are prophets of gloom. Such seems to me to be the writer in question.

The editor says that the world needs a religion based upon a creed. I admit that statement. He says that creed must have a church back of it, to cry this creed with authority. I differ with that idea. Here lies the confusion of Modernism. It is still essentially Fundamentalistic. It is not scientific. It does not understand that religion is life. It does not understand the spirit of the Protestant Reformation. The spirit of that movement was the destruction of ecclesiastical authority, and of all authority save that of one's own spirit. To be sure, that spirit early suffered a relapse, but we caught a glimpse of it, nevertheless, and today that rebellion is coming into its own. It is the right and duty of each soul to prove what it shall believe, and set up or accept its own creed, without any ex cathedra hocus pocus of any church. The church can aid religion. It can never monopolize it.

The world needs a religion with a creed. Although many of us with our fourteen-year-old minds will never see anything but the creed, nor penetrate past it to the depth of the mystic, to which the creed points, nevertheless we need a creed. And we have such a creed—the creed of Jesus, if you will read his teachings without any theological blinders or scientific swagger. The creed of Jesus is just this: "Thou shalt love God, tremendously; and thou shalt love folks, tremendously." That is all. It is too simple for the confirmed theologian, but it is deep as eternity. The rest of his teachings and all of his life were but illustrations of this creed.

This creed has the authority which you ask. And this creed has the intellectual liberty which the Modernist demands. It can be scientifically tested. It does not need any theory of Scripture or the church to make it binding; and it does no violence to any fact which scientists have discovered. Try loving God, and all the facts of nature are illuminated. Try loving folks, and you will feel at home in the universe as never before, with a freedom which the rebellion of uncertain Modernism can not give and a joy which the alleged certainties of the Fundamentalist never knew. Love is the only thing which can be proved. The source of authority in religion may be but shifting sand. The proven theory of the scientist of today may crumble before new

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facts tomorrow, but love is forever valid. It pays in spiritual coin, and uses all the universe as its tools. It can never lead to uncertainty or infidelity, for it has within itself the proof that it is the most fundamental truth in the world. And it can never be confused. It can dare to say, "Take from me the Bible, and the church, and Jesus and friends and life, and even God, and still I know that love cannot be destroyed." It is the business of the church to teach this and illustrate it, but never to monopolize it, for the desire to love God or one's fellow men is its own sufficient authority, and alone can lead the soul to its God.

E. LESTER STANTON.

Glenview, Ill.

"Vivid" and His Pals

SIR: Mr. Robert Littell's persistent curiosity about "Vivid" and His Pals is well aimed, for realism is one of the two essential qualities of literature and one of the three essential qualities of a novel. It's a great deal more than a mere "mental habit" of the critics.

The critics shouldn't be blamed for not defining realism because it's a psychological term and the critics have only a half-baked acquaintance with psychology. They are well meaning persons, but their terms are as scientifically useless as the popular names for flowers. The abler critics even make money by bickering in the magazines about their own definitions; they become no longer parasites, no longer dependent on other men's books; they spin their cocoons in a vacuum and stew in their own juices.

The realism of the arts has not yet been the subject of much psychological research, although stray observations have already been made on attention, fatigue, reading methods, and other items. One may describe realism roughly by noting that a playgoer finds a play vivid enough to sit through but not real enough to cause him to mount the platform and wallop the villain. Present art is more real than some distant facts, but rarely so real as other present experiences. Realism, in one's literature or other arts or religion, must dovetail with one's experience.

The degrees of realism can roughly be arranged as follows and named by anyone who cares to: (1) Lack of realism that causes one to throw the book aside and say, "People don't do such things." (2) Convincing events, outside of one's experience but not contrary to it. "I hope," said the old lady who read all through Three Soldiers, "that none of our local boys behaved like that." (3) Recognizable but unexciting events similar to one's experience, books for one's idle moments like the novels of Howells. (4) Recognizable and thrilling events that grip the reader and keep him from other jobs. (5) Recognizable and thrilling events that cause the reader to rise and act, as readers did after reading Uncle Tom's Cabin and The Jungle.

Here are five clear degrees of realism; one book may be all five to five different readers. The only test for realism is experience. When a book dovetails with the experience of hoi polloi, it becomes a best seller. When the critics agree with hoi polloi (soon or later), it becomes a classic.

W. L. WERNER.

State College, Pa.

The League for Public Discussion

SIR: The fine art of public debating between outstanding intellectual personalities on interesting or momentous problems seems to have suffered an eclipse in our time. With the journals perpetually teeming with news of pugilistic encounters, theatrical affrays and motion picture melées, we feel it is time to stage a renaissance of the spirit of controversy in our public auditoriums.

The League for Public Discussion, therefore, invites your readers to send in suggestions as to what subjects they would like to hear discussed and also the names of debaters they think best qualified to argue these questions.

As the initial debate in its plan to revive the interest of the public, the League for Public Discussion has arranged a debate between Dr. Will Durant, author of The Story of Philosophy, and Clarence Darrow, famous lawyer. The subject for the debate will be Is Man a Machine? Mr. Darrow will argue in the affirmative. The chairman of the debate is Dr. John B. Watson, author of Behaviorism. The place of the debate is Carnegie Hall and the date, Saturday, January 8, at 8:30 p. m.

IRVIN SHAPIRO.

New York, N. Y.

Some Passaic Victims

SIR: Many readers of the New Republic have been following with interest and sympathy the developments of the textile strike of the Passaic district, now nearly a year old. News of the recent settlements made by four of the eight mills of the district, and the recognition of the United Textile Workers' union by the employers has spread the notion among many that this spectacular strike which was front page news for weeks is over at last.

This is not true. The strikers are only entering a new phase, and one which is likely to prove the most painful of the whole struggle. It is a period which requires the greatest endurance, the strongest courage, and if the workers are not to lose all they have gained, they need now as never before, the sympathy and understanding of those who have followed and supported their struggle so far.

Those who know something of the stormy history of the textile industry around Passaic and the failure of the repeated attempts to build a union strong enough to endure, realize that this time the strikers have won substantial gains. But all gains have their price and this price is often paid by those who don't benefit personally. Every industrial struggle, even when labor wins, must leave its victims behind it.

At the top of this list of victims of the Passaic strike stand the names of eleven men—simple-hearted young foreigners with wives and children to support although they are all under thirty-five. They have been in jail since the week of September 20 on bail so high that is has not been possible to raise it for even one of them. The prisoners are quite at the mercy of the bitterness and violent prejudice of the courts of the textile district, which have won a name for themselves throughout the country for their unfairness and injustice.

News has just been received from the Bergen county sheriff's office that one of the prisoners, Paul Kovac, who had three ribs broken by the police when he was beaten unconscious at the time of his arrest three months ago, has gone violently insane, and has been put in a straitjacket in a padded cell.

Ever since the arrest and third degrees of these strikers in September, we have been trying to raise bail—at least for Kovac, who has been lying sick in jail for three months in constant pain. The amount placed on him is only $15,000. I say only, because many of the others are held on the ridiculous sums of $50,000 and $30,000.

Kovac has three small children and a wife who is nearly crazy with worry. If we had been able to raise bail for this man, he would not be now in this deplorable state. What he needs is careful medical attention and good food. Those who are familiar with the conditions and treatment of prisoners know how poor are his chances of getting this in jail. There may still be time to save Kovac's life or his reason, if the necessary money to get him out on bail can be raised.

The Joint Committee for Passaic Defense established by the American Civil Liberties Union and the International Labor Defense to handle the legal defense of the Passaic strikers, is trying hard to raise the bail. Will anyone who is willing to help toward raising the necessary $15,000 please communicate with the writer at once? The Joint Committee guarantees that any money or security put up for bail will be returned safely. Address 743 Main Avenue, Passaic, N. J.

HOLLACE RANSDELL,
Secretary, Joint Committee
for Passaic Defense.

Passaic, N. J.

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Whalers and Whaling

Whalers and Whaling, by Clifford W. Ashley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 379 pages. 150 Illustrations. $20.

THE maritime activity of New England was dominated by two motives, trade and fish, with brief interludes of privateering. In the former the great prizes were won in the Far East; and the home of the most brilliant exploits was Salem, where developed the early trade with Canton and the East Indies. In fishing, with all reverence to the sacred cod, the chief interest gathers about whaling, because of the danger of the enterprise and the great distance from home at which it was carried on; and the seat of whaling, as far-famed as Salem itself, was New Bedford. A small boy, growing up in neutral Boston, whose paternal ancestors came from Beverly, next door to Salem, and whose mother's family lived in New Bedford, found himself with divided loyalties. The difference between the two ports was apparent even to a child. There was a certain stateliness of men and manners in Salem, a city whose representatives had dealt on equal terms with potentates of the Orient. There was an atmosphere of romance very literally, scents of sandalwood about the old houses, with their Chinese tables and Indian chairs, and even, to an imaginative nose, a whiff of spice about the docks.

Salem stood for the aristocracy of the seas; New Bedford for its democracy. Instead of being taken to call on Israel Thorndike or some other great merchant, the boy might be permitted to hang about with a bunch of retired sea captains, square, blunt men who spent their afternoons in the room behind Wing's outfitting store, or Alonzo Wardell's or Charlie Haskell's hat shop, where they bought their silk hats, their chief mark of ceremony. They were a silent crowd and the boy, looking for tales of adventure, waited long years of passionate youth in vain. Think of having an uncle who had been wrecked in the Okotsk Sea and burned by the Shenandoah, and who had nothing to communicate on these subjects! There was one old captain, much dented and twisted, who had actually been in a whale's mouth, but it was indicated to youth that it would be bad form to interview the near-Jonah on this experience. If Salem was a place of romance New Bedford had the spirit of realism. The docks had no whiff of spice, but a strong smell of oil from thousands of barrels piled under seaweed, awaiting the return of a fair price for sperm. Clipper ships of Salem and Beverly which survived as memories, in paintings and lithographs, were replaced in New Bedford by actual old whaling vessels tied up at the grass-grown wharves. You could climb the tarry rigging to the main top, the main-top-mast top, the main-top-gallant-mast top, while your uncle looked from below to see that you didn't sneak through the lubber's hole. At that height you could feel the movement of the hull as she swayed to the tide, and fancy yourself bound for the Arctic. Altogether New Bedford was a more intimate place; it brought the actual experience of the sea much nearer to your imagination. Melville had a sure instinct when he opened Moby Dick in New Bedford.

Mr. Clifford W. Ashley evidently repeated the youthful experience of his present reviewer and carried it farther a generation later. The whaling vessels, some of them nearly a hundred years old, still clung to the docks, and occasionally one would be outfitted and sent forth to the Arctic by way of Cape Horn. Mr. Ashley painted them. The pride of Salem in its famous ships was equaled much later by New Bedford, and the pictorial record of her splendid days is, thanks to Mr. Ashley's art, preserved. More than this, Mr. Ashley went himself on a whaling voyage in the bark Sunbeam, to the North Atlantic, wrote a lively account of his experience, and supplemented his pictures of the still life of the ocean by those of whales and whalers in action. His book with its magnificent plates is a deserved monument to a great city and a great age.

In addition to his story of the voyage of the Sunbeam Mr. Ashley gives a summary account of nearly everything connected with whaling, its history, its technique, its ships and boats, its captains and crews, even its scrimshaw, the art of carving with which the whalesmen relieved the long tedium of the cruise between whales. The first whalers were the Basques in the Middle Ages and the first whaling ground in the Bay of Biscay. In the seventeenth century Spitzbergen offered the best ground, and Dutch and English fought in rivalry for it. The first seat of whaling in America was Nantucket which by 1775 had 150 vessels pursuing the sperm whale, nearly all of them later transferred to the British flag by capture. The leading citizen of the island was William Rotch, who has left a most interesting account of the desperate straits of the islanders in a conflict in which their Quaker sensibilities impelled them to neutrality. After the peace Rotch transferred his business to Dunkirk, France, but troubles there drove him back across the Atlantic and in 1794 he settled in New Bedford, and gave a new impulse to the progress of that city in its rivalry with the island. The whaling grounds which had originally been just off the New England coast were moved successively to Davis Straits, to Greenland, to the coasts of Guiana and Brazil. In 1788 the Amelia, manned by Nantucketers who had transferred their residence to Milford Haven, was the first vessel to enter the Pacific in pursuit of whales. From the coast of Chile the whaling ground rapidly shifted to the Arctic, where the bowhead whale furnished bone which equaled in value the oil of the sperm whale. New Bedford specialized in the Arctic, and by the end of the first quarter of the century had drawn abreast of Nantucket. By 1833 New Bedford and Fairhaven together had 212 vessels, to Nantucket's 77, and by 1857, 329.

Thence the descent was rapid. Petroleum appeared as the rival of whale oil in 1859. In the next five years seventy ships were burned by Confederate privateers. In 1871, thirty-four were crumpled up by the ice off Cape Belcher and five years later twelve more suffered the same fate. The price of oil, even of sperm, fell rapidly under the competition of petroleum; bone which was used for corsets, whips, and haircloth, lost all three markets by the discovery of substitutes and the shift of fashion. Such whaling vessels as kept the sea found San Francisco their natural port. In 1925 the Wanderer returning from her voyage piled up on Cuttybunk where Mr. Ashley painted her, and the last New Bedford whaler was off the seas. The sole survivor of her fleet, the Charles W. Morgan, was turned into a museum.

There were certain elements in whaling which tended to keep the ships and the men engaged in it below the mark of smart seamanship cultivated by the Salem traders to Canton and the Celebes. In the first place, the sailing half around the world and the capture of whales were preliminary to the tedious and dirty industrial process of cutting up the carcass and trying out the oil. With try-works smoking on deck a whaler was half ship, half factory. The vessels lived to an extreme age; Mr. Ashley records that the Truelove, launched in 1754, celebrated its hundred and

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ninth birthday in 1873. The voyages were of great length; Mr. Ashley mentions the Nile, which was at sea for eleven years. The speculative nature of the voyage and the intervals of fruitless cruising between the violent bursts of activity when whales were sighted were detrimental to morale, and the long periods of idleness usually spent at Honolulu between the brief Arctic summers were in the end fatal to it. Nevertheless the strictures upon the whaling by Mr. S. E. Morison in his brief and unsatisfactory chapter on that subject in his otherwise excellent Maritime History of Massachusetts seem not entirely justified. His charges of brutality and exploitation on the part of captains and owners are drawn from the last days of whaling, when the crews were largely composed of foreigners, shipped from season to season. His supposition that the whalesman before the mast, if of New England birth, was usually an inland boy trepanned into the service, seems gratuitous. The palmy days of the craft show instances of New Bedford boys following their fathers and brothers to sea and commanding ships at twenty-one, as striking as any that Salem can furnish. There was Captain Daniel Wood, who commanded the Barnstable, who sent his three oldest sons to sea, two of whom made enough money out of their "lays" to set up as owners, while the third, also Captain Daniel, who hauled down his flag about 1870, continued to look on whaling, not indeed as a profession, but as a valuable preparation for life. His wife went at least one voyage with him as far as Honolulu, and remarked only two instances of brutality. She judged by the frequent shouts of Belay there! that an able seaman of that name was being overworked; and she suffered because a certain Smart, who showed an inveterate tendency to sleep during his watch on deck, was compelled to knock at the Captain's cabin every hour and report: "Smart's awake!"

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Instrumental State

The Modern State, by R. M. MacIver. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. 504 pages. $7.

IT has been pungently said that, if a history of medicine is to be written, no one expects an historian to write it. Similarly, it is the political scientist, not the historian, who should be called upon to write political history. Such a modicum of truth as there may be in the dictum is well illustrated in the excellent survey of the genesis and history of political institutions, as well as history of political ideas, philosophy of the state and analysis of its organization, with which Professor MacIver has provided us in his Modern State. So broad a study of the entire field of state action and theory, Politik and Staatslehre, cannot from the nature of the case be exhaustive. There are, moreover, certain inexplicable passages, such as those in which Professor MacIver apparently puts Erastians and Arminians into antithesis. But, such objections put on one side, Professor MacIver has written a singularly lucid review of the field.

The Modern State is, however, more than a convenient survey. It reënforces the doctrines already expounded by Professor MacIver in his earlier book, The Community, that the terms State and Community are not synonymous, and that the State is a "particular form of organization" of the Community—a form which, according to any tenable definition, has the especial and permanent disadvantage, from an ideal standpoint, of being coercive. Were these two very simple considerations remembered, a confusion often amounting to intellectual dishonesty in contemporary political thought might be avoided. Professor MacIver's definition of the word "Community" disables him from adding that such states as the late Hapsburg Empire are not even "organizations of the community," if that word be used as indicating a group like-minded in custom and sentiment. They are, however, to use Professor MacIver's other phrase, "instruments of social man" and must be judged as such.

Professor MacIver's own treatment of the Modern State is by no means entirely objective. He belongs to that school, including such diverse persons as Prof. W. W. Willoughby and Prof. H. J. Laski, which declines to conceive it to be possible to treat of political processes except in terms of purpose. Some of us may well think that such a sketching of ideals is more proper to a treatise on ethics than to one on politics, designed to answer the question "what *is* the state?" If so, we shall probably be confirmed in our heresy by the consequences in this present book of the current belief. Professor MacIver displays, almost ingenuously, his belief that the state does, or ought to, assume the form for long outlined for it by orthodox liberalism. The party of the liberals, protestant and "bourgeois," is, he says, as it were the "natural" opposition party. As liberal, he believes that there should be freedom of speech, that the main trend of the state is toward democracy, of which representative government is "the very being," that war is an anachronism. As protestant, he believes that marriage should be regulated by the state, and that adherents of the churches should support political measures as citizens, not churchmen. ("A pretty pass," if we may improve on Lord Melbourne, "if religion is to interfere in the affairs of public life.") Perhaps it is as "bourgeois" that Professor MacIver holds that the state, unlike the church, is not particularist in interest and that the struggle for existence is a doctrine hollow and remote. The problems of the purely secular state, of the debased Platonism called Fascismo, of the right of a "consentient majority" to regulate the morals of the minority, are the important problems of our day, and it cannot be said that he confronts them. The sound, liberal opinions, to which Professor MacIver does commit himself, we presume are elaborated in the name of "the normative state." The trouble with norms is that too often they give us not a simplified presentation of what is, but the projection of desire shaped by reasoning, upon the field of history.

It is not so that we shall come nearer realizing our hopes, but by "serving nature" in accordance with Francis Bacon's advice—by observing the nature of the political material and processes. Here Professor MacIver renders a valuable service by declining to consider the state "mystically, as an ultimate power." It is a "will-organization," "a very imperfect and limited harmony of individual wills." Thus we are brought to a discussion of the limits of its ability to render service and of the adequacy of political methods. Here we return from the obstinate mysticism of political ideals to the less edifying but more sober task of the "interpretation of history and experience." Professor MacIver looks forward to a "science through which the laws and institutions of the state are revealed as the expression of the whole complex life of a people." A science "of the whole complex life of a people" is unpleasantly reminiscent of the sociological vertigo. But Professor MacIver's book is one of many which indicate the growing demand for a scientific treatment of politics by the amassing of exact facts, the analysis of institutions and the study of political processes, and among these writings The Modern State, with its naturalism of approach, tempered by the genial philosophy of Thomas Hill Green, is assured of a notable place.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN.

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Feminism Plus Single Tax

Concerning Women, by Suzanne La Follette. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 306 pages. $2.50.

HAVE women's rights, as we quaintly called them in the days when they weren't mentioned without passion on the one hand or flippancy on the other, already become an academic theme? There is definite evidence of the progress of feministic theory in Miss Suzanne La Follette's determined refusal to confine herself to her subject, or rather to the subject her title would indicate. She has written her book, by no means merely to analyze the present status of women, which she does with brilliant thoroughness, so that these portions, almost comprising a book within a book, might very well stand alone—but to establish her point that the woman question is no longer an independent issue. She traces therefore its dependence upon other phases of the human problem—labor, war, economics. She points out the unreality of many remaining difficulties. "Any discussion of woman's place in society must necessarily be to some extent a study in superstition." And these relatively familiar lines of her argument she follows with such uncommon lucidity, logic and force that one is gratefully moved to condone a certain tendency that she has to speak with the voice of authority and the language of dogma.

But on almost the first page of this book its author displays a warning that she has something to convey that is not inevitably associated with feminist doctrine. She does convey it, in pages that she herself indicates as of leading importance. In fact, she declares her main thesis is this: that the ultimate emancipation of woman "will depend, not upon the abolition of the restrictions which have subjected her to man—that is but a step, though a necessary one—but upon the abolition of all those restrictions of natural human rights that subject the mass of humanity to a privileged class." She has, that is to say, a remedy for human ills, and this remedy, in accordance with the traditions of the Freeman, of which Miss La Follette was an editor, is free access to land. This measure alone, she argues, would not only make women free but would completely regenerate mankind. The sobriety and restraint with which Miss La Follette can discuss the unredressed wrongs of women are less completely at her command in outlining the advantages of reimpropriation.

"Ignorance, vice and crime," she says, "would tend to disappear. . . . Jails would . . . be very little needed. . . . There would be no more centres of want, misery and vice. . . . Mankind, assured of physical health, would progress steadily in health of mind and activity of spirit; and being freed from its pressing need to take thought of the morrow, it would have leisure to seek . . . the happiness that comes from the harmonious development of the highest faculties of body, mind and spirit, and their use in the promotion of a beautiful individual and collective life. . . . The long story of martyrdom for opinion would come to an end."

Utopia, in short. And unfortunately, a reader's mental muscles tend to become lax at the first mention of a Utopian program. Miss La Follette is admirable so long as she remains realistic; but beyond this point, she is no more stimulating than any other fond deviser of an earthly Paradise.

A marveling word may be added about the manner in which this book is written. Entirely uninfluenced by current fashions in prose, Miss La Follette employs a style not so much "nervous" as muscular, yet at the same time punctiliously exact and formal. Certain of her majestic paragraphs affect one as a kind of "period" writing. Her sentences have a conscious balance, she has no false shame in using the outmoded semicolon, and she will daringly reinforce a cherished point by a Latin epithet or two. But there is no less power because the work is not rough-hewn. It is a book not to be overlooked.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

An Illustrator in the Far East

Turn to the East, by Caroline Singer and C. Le Roy Baldridge. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 71 pages. $10.

THOSE who have traveled in the mauve and flamingo pathway of the setting sun suffer perennial nostalgia for the tinkly temple bells of Kipling's soldier. But almost anyone who dips into this beautiful book will have feathers in his feet until he sails away to the Japan, China and Korea that fairly sing from the voluptuous margins.

Turn to the East is truly a gift book—a gift of the imaginative insight, the quiver of being alive and the sensitiveness to the soul of the East, as experienced by C. Le Roy Baldridge and his wife, Caroline Singer. Mr. Baldridge, in his portrayal of eastern types, has not been trapped into a labyrinth of imitation, so alluring a snare for most artists who come under the spell of the East. He swings into the rhythm of the East, he sees the East with friendly eyes, but his art is frankly western, and therefore more convincing than the stilted interpretations by many occidental artists who have struggled with oriental technique.

The little dressed-up dolls and women of the Japanese tea-houses are uncannily real. The coolies, slouching or sleeping in the shafts of their rickshaws; the Number One Boys and cooks, wth their air of tantalizing arrogance; the toy peddlers and the blind musicians marching across the pages with moving pathos, will bring back Peking to every lover of that kaleidoscopic city of gray walls and intriguing, dramatic streets. Mr. Baldridge has caught the queenly dignity and sad beauty of Korean women. There is something appealing about his oriental babies—in the contour of their little heads, as they droop helplessly over the backs and shoulders of parents and older children. But the artist has not descended to sentimentality. His coolies and street hawkers are keenly alive with that semi-humorous quality that endears the Chinese to so many foreigners. The Chinese soldiers have an air of impudent abandon and the Japanese students are characterized by that careless affectation of decadence familiar to all those who have frequented the Café Paulista and Kanda-ku, the Quartier Latin of Tokyo. Mr. Baldridge's East has a beauty tempered by present-day realities.

And the same may be said of Miss Singer's letter press—a prose rich in style and intelligent in reaction. Her little sketch of the Old Sinner, who changed missionaries in midstream and then had the good sense to change back again, is delightful. The visit to the old scholar and the revelation of domestic serenity, incompatible with plural wives, according to orthodox western notions, does not even need to point a moral against our blatant interference with Chinese customs and internal affairs, undoubtedly responsible for much of the candid dislike of the Western Barbarian in China today. But the little sketches are not intentionally polemic. They are descriptive—catching moods and experiences as they have come. The artist and his wife have indeed "intimated the richness of their adventure" in the East with charm and delicacy.

ELSIE WEIL.

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Horace Walpole the Man

A Selection of the Letters of Horace Walpole, edited by W. S. Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers. 478 pages. $2.50.

Selected Letters of Horace Walpole, edited by William Hadley, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 535 pages. $1.

CONCENTRATED reading of single volumes of selected letters by Horace Walpole has the effect of riveting attention not upon the facile wit and journalistic vitality of the letters themselves, but upon the man who wrote them. Behind the flippant disclaimer of learning and ambition, the clever gossip, the antiquarian dilettante, the Frenchified Englishman appears to the unprejudiced reader a kindly bachelor, facile of speech and pen, with genuinely romantic enthusiasms and varied tastes of a refinement and cosmopolitanism which set him somewhat apart from his compatriots; with a mind quick and versatile but not of the first order of excellence as he himself, I believe, was painfully aware; with a body racked by a rheumatic infection which circumscribed his manner of life and perhaps of thought as well. Viewed in such a light the figure with all its gaiety and bravura becomes a trifle sad in its actual isolation. Horace emerges for a moment from the giddy mantle in which he has concealed himself from the jocosity of his contemporaries a really sensitive soul with something of an inferiority complex parading defensively as a cynic!

A sensitive soul! With what perfect flippancy he would repudiate the notion—and with a terror of ridicule akin to that which actuated his treatment of Madame du Deffand. Better he could have born the "posthumous jealousy" of Macaulay's bourgeois depreciation than any unearthing of hypothetical suppressed desires. Yet his own most famous epigram lends weight to the hypothesis: "Recollect what I have said to you," he wrote to Sir Horace Mann in 1772, "that this world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel. This is the quintessence of all I have learnt in fifty years." Sympathetically viewed Walpole's letters become even more than an incomparable record of a century of English history; they become also the record of the personality of a man whose gifts of nature and position and whose limitations placed him in an extraordinary relation to the life and letters of his time. Perhaps Mr. Strachey will add to the several editions of the letters now appearing a full-length portrait of Horace Walpole the man, a portrait some features of which were lightly sketched in the background of his portrait of Mary Berry something more than a year ago.

The two volumes of the letters now before me differ from one another in method and spirit. Mr. Lewis selected 149 letters with a strong desire "to show the character and personality of Horace Walpole," as well as the high spots of his chronicle. The volume presents a continuous record of the writer's experience from 1736, when, an eager collegian, he writes from Cambridge, to 1797, six weeks before his death. The editor has dispensed with all but the briefest words of introduction and an occasional note. Perhaps his self-restraint in this respect has been too extreme for the casual reader's advantage.

A more extensive collection of letters is presented in the volume now added to Everyman's Library. The 434 letters selected by Mr. Hadley are arranged not primarily to reveal the personality of the writer but rather with the old interest in classifying his information and his opinions. The letters are grouped under captions such as Walpole and the Court, The Man About Town, His Literary Criticism, Current Historical Events, etc. Within the groups the order is chronological, but gaps of twenty years occur between letters, and the rapid succession of groups keeps the reader's mind see-sawing unpleasantly between the 1790's and the 1740's.

Each group of letters is prefaced by a few paragraphs of pertinent comment which the present reviewer would prefer consolidated into a well considered essay introductory to the whole volume. The selection of footnotes strengthens the impression that such aids add to the enjoyment of the letters. The absence of an index, however, is regrettable and surprising in view of the ample indices to the editions of the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and of Boswell's Life of Johnson in this series. With the addition of such an index Mr. Hadley's volume of Walpole's letters would stand also as a useful work of ready reference.

But Mr. Lewis's collection serves best for the introduction of the novice into eighteenth century society. Its comfortable type and pleasant page, and its human interest, hold out a welcome to the newcomer, but also offer refreshment to the seasoned habitué.

HELEN SARD HUGHES.

The Pageant of the Poor

London Nights, by Stephen Graham. New York: George H. Doran Company. 254 pages. $4.

TO achieve the soul of cities, as Arthur Symons may be said to have done in his Cities of Italy, is a problem in creative art; but to penetrate to their heart may on occasion lie within the realm of creative journalism. Stephen Graham writes with a certain journalistic distinction, and as he sets down his kindly, patient and often vivid record of London by night, he gets close to the heart of it; he sounds depths by tapping surfaces; he communicates the life of the city by picturing the life and habits of its people. London Nights is not, however, concerned with the whole of London. It is concerned only with that part of it which can most authentically be studied in the dark—the part of it composed of slums, doss-houses, coffee-stalls, park benches, jails, cheap music halls, narrow and discredited streets. It is a book about people who gain respectability by paying eightpence for a roof and a bed, who stand in line to take home the heads and tails of fish which restaurants have no use for, who accept of a benefactor his liquor and pass up his food, who welcome a jail as a shelter, and go down into the crypt of St. Martin's to spend the night on hard and narrow benches. It is their book entirely, and one comes away from it as from a separate and complete world that has momentarily blotted out one's remembrance of a larger and more various one.

It is this very unity of tone and subject-matter, so realistic and vivid in its total effect, which makes at times for repetition and a slight dullness in Mr. Graham's sketches. That, and occasionally his style, are the only objections which can be made against his book, once it is agreed that the book is not art, but distinctive journalism. It is a warm book, a human book, an interesting book, a personal book—and without being rich in any of these qualities, it is satisfying in them all. If its people fail to stick with you as separate beings, they linger as a class; if Mr. Graham fails to stay with you as an outstanding personality, he makes a highly sympathetic liaison officer between his subject-matter and his reader. You have enough, in both cases, to make the

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book appealing. It is not the first or the last time that we shall have the London of the poor revealed by night, when things are at once most kindly veiled and most vividly stark. It can therefore scarcely be called an important book; yet it is not quite unimportant either, for it feasts the senses, touches the heart, stirs the mind, and draws lightly but often upon the imagination.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER.

More Spirituals

The Second Book of Negro Spirituals. Edited with an Introduction by James Weldon Johnson. Musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson. New York: The Viking Press. 189 pages. $3.50.

AFTER the success which attended the publication of the First Book of Negro Spirituals, it was inevitable that the authors should dig deeper into the wealth of material and give us another collection. On the whole, this volume is even more satisfactory than the series which preceded it, although I do not imagine that it will have the success its companion enjoyed, the vogue of the spirituals having to some extend died down since the publication of the latter.

Mr. James Weldon Johnson again gives us a Preface. He goes into the history of the "discovery" of the spirituals, and tells how many of them are lost forever. He does not feel their vogue to be a fad, yet I feel the very wide popularity they enjoyed in the last two years is undoubtedly lessening, leaving, however, I trust, a residue of important interest. He concludes with a discussion of the artistic movement of the younger group of Negroes in this country. Whether they will, as he claims, make a distinctive contribution to American art as Negroes remains to be seen. Suggestions of themes which may be used by composers in the larger musical forms are given, but why did Mr. Johnson select the hackneyed theme from the Symphony to the New World, that of Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, as the most prominent example?

The songs themselves are wisely chosen. They are, to me, more valuable than those in the other volumes, if only because they are heard less often. Such gems as Gimme Yo' Han, All I Do, De Church Keep A-Grumblin', and Zekiel Saw De Wheel would alone justify the publication of the volume. Here, as always, however, the problem of accompaniment presents itself. Mr. Rosamond Johnson, who arranged the songs, has learned a lesson from the songs published before, and has simplified his accompaniments, but they still leave much to be desired. In spite of this, there is great joy to the lover of folk-music to be had from this collection, with perhaps good measure added in the way of amusement when one considers some of the persons to whom the songs are dedicated.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS.

This Believing World

This Believing World, by Lewis Browne. New York: The Macmillan Company. 334 pages. $3.50.

LIKE Van Loon's Story of Mankind, This Believing World occupies a picturesque educational borderland —history simplified into pictorial narrative, appealing to the adult by its freshness of presentation and to the child by its consecutive dramatic interest. The author's own illustrations are effectively simple and harmonize with the direct method of story-telling he employs. There is no addition to the information that might be gathered by even a superficial student of religions, but Rabbi Browne unifies and colloquializes the work of many great historians with competence and ease. Frazer, Moore, Jevons and Hopkins have had their richest cream skimmed and made up into a dilute but nutritious formula assimilable by the frailest newborn interest in the subject. There is no doubt that the successful popularizer of special subjects does real service to general knowledge. We devoutly wish that every Sunday school in the country would put a copy of This Believing World on its library shelves. D. B. W.

My Life and Times, by Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Harper and Brothers. 318 pages. $4.

MR. JEROME tells more of his time than of his life. His chapter on The Wheels of Change is a British Mauve Decade unto itself, swarming with atmosphere and anecdote and names. One hears the clatter of the first precarious bicycle, one mingles casually with Barrie, Phillpotts, Doyle in first edition. Or turning a corner, one bumps into Wells and Shaw, those captains of intellectual industry who accomplish more than the rest of us by virtue of being geared to a higher speed than the rest of us. We are offered no inside information on what it feels like to be the creator of Three Men in a Boat and the Third Floor Back. At the same time the author nonchalantly acquaints us with his home environment, his early history and his present convictions. We discover that he blames America for her treatment of the Negro, that he regrets our participation in the late War, and that he believes in a God whose service lends meaning to life. All of which sounds deceptively real-and-earnest. There is no moralizing involved, except the quite unconscious demonstration that utter lack of pose and smartness becomes a very positive virtue. It is that lack, almost as much as the flavor of what he has to say, that makes the reading of Jerome's memoirs pleasant to the nth degree. B. G.

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